

FIFTY CENTS

AUGUST 31, 1970

The Politics of Sex

TIME



**Kate Millett
of Women's Lib**

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LETTERS

The New Morality

Sir: The advent of nuclear warfare has added a new chapter to the age-old paradox of the morality of war. Conventionality, not humanity, is the new criterion to rationalize the act of killing.

The hundreds of thousands killed in the fire bombings of Tokyo were acceptable; it was done by conventional means.

The millions of casualties incurred by the clash of land armies on the Japanese mainland would be acceptable; it would be done by conventional means.

The starvation of millions of women and children as a result of a continued blockade of Japan would be acceptable; it would be done by conventional means.

The killing of 100,000 at Hiroshima and Nagasaki was a tragedy of mankind; it was done by nuclear weapons.

The TIME Essay [Aug. 10] tends to underestimate the tenacity of the Japanese by applying Occidental standards of defeat to the Oriental principles of war. Tarawa, with its six survivors of 4,000; Okinawa, with its kamikaze, bear true testimony to the prevalent fanaticism.

The scenario of a "blow for show" has one fatal drawback: there were no more bombs. It would have taken at least another year to produce enough fissionable material to manufacture another bomb.

FRANK H. MALLEN
Lieutenant Commander, U.S.N.
Newport News, Va.

Sir: After acknowledging the incredible destruction and horror of the atomic bombs, and after considering the alternatives, I find it inconceivable that your Essay could begin to imply that dropping

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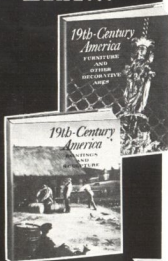
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America's No.1 Scotch.

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the Bomb was anything vaguely related to a "consciously moral decision." I suppose there are rationalizations that can be adopted to soothe this nation's guilty conscience, but to justify a mistake by tagging such an abomination as moral is only to emphasize the perversion of any remaining moral sense in this country today.

ANNE MARY WHITING,
Farmington, Mich.

Sir: Your Essay implies that the Japanese were not warned. This is untrue: for ten days prior to Aug. 6, U.S. bombers rained thousands of leaflets upon the Japanese mainland spelling out the consequences of continuing the war. The first bomb was followed by a three-day waiting period, during which the Japanese High Command had triple the time needed to change its mind; when no reply was forthcoming, the second bomb was unleashed.

I feel we were completely justified. As is usual with the liberal media nowadays, Uncle Sam is always at least partially wrong in whatever he does.

RICHARD F. OLES
Baltimore

Sir: I was reminded of the words of Robert E. Lee: "It is good that war is so terrible, lest we grow fond of it."

EDWIN MOORE
San Diego

Living Life Whole

Sir: The sensitive and knowledgeable cover story on aging [Aug. 3] could not have appeared at a more appropriate and helpful time, as we prepare for the 1971 White House Conference on Aging. The attitudes and knowledge of the nation about its older citizens will have major effect upon the success of such a conference.

The concept of living life whole—at every age—is essential to the well-being of today's 20 million elderly and of all of us, since we all grow older. It is of the utmost importance that the last one-third of our lives contains opportunities and satisfactions as does the first two-thirds. Whatever can be achieved in this regard, we think is worth doing and we are working to that end, both in Washington through the Administration on Aging, and in each of the 50 states and the territories through the state agencies on aging.

JOHN B. MARTIN
Special Assistant to the
President for the Aging
The White House
Washington, D.C.

Sir: After climbing the ruins of Palenque, Uxmal and Chichén Itzá, snorkeling at Cozumel, flying to Chicago, then driving a nine-year-old Thunderbird, our 15-year-old grandson and Willy, our dachshund, home to Wellsburg, W. Va., in eleven hours (legally, too), I grab my beloved TIME and find I "passed the arbitrary milestone of 65 into the limbo of old age" five years ago. I didn't know.

MRS. DEWEY OLSON
Wellsburg, W. Va.

Sir: Marie Dressler summed it up nicely: "It's not how old you are, but how you are old."

PHILIP G. LAMARCHE
Westerly, R.I.

The Really Weaker Sex

Sir: I agree wholeheartedly with Dr. Edgar Berman about the danger of having

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members of the weaker sex in the White House or any other position of power [Aug. 10]. Let us get rid of all the hormonally unbalanced, aging males with mounting anxieties over their own impotency and inadequacy, and corresponding need to prove themselves on the national and international battle fronts.

The situation is extremely dangerous and ought to be changed immediately.

BJÖRN KUMM
Lagos, Nigeria

Sir: Glands! Glands! Glands! I think the good Dr. Berman erred by omission rather than commission. He neglected to state that middle-aged men frequently suffer the miseries of the male climacteric. The cycle occurs every 51-55 days.

As an industrial health consultant, I witnessed this rarely publicized male condition time and again. Nice men became monsters, foremen grew horns and some decisions were made that had to be hastily changed.

MARGARET S. HARGREAVES
Santa Barbara, Calif.

Sir: I just dare Dr. Edgar Berman to say that to Mrs. Meir.

(MRS.) ELIZABETH HARBERS
Manhattan, Kans.

With a Whimper

Sir: In your article "Smog Goes Global" [Aug. 10], you state that "the world will end with a cough, a wheeze, a mass gasp of emphysema." Not so. Poetically, and ironically enough, it will end with a whimper—of a newborn baby. Pollution is only

the major symptom of the very fatal disease called overpopulation.

When will we stop reproducing ourselves with the speed and malignancy of cancer cells and turn our energies to saving what little is left of the tortured, exhausted body of this planet?

(MRS.) MARY Q. SMITH
Virginia Beach, Va.

Who's to Miss Us?

Sir: Re the statement "Curbing carbon monoxide in cities is more important than saving caribou in Alaska" [Aug. 3]: More important to whom? The validity of this question would become clear if we could set ourselves apart for a few minutes and look at Homo sapiens as just another animal species. Then ask ourselves if humans became extinct tomorrow, who would miss them? The birds, the fish or the caribou? Would it be more likely only the rats and the disease bacteria that are able to live off man?

JERRY R. COLEMAN
Buena Park, Calif.

Father of Op-Ed

Sir: In your Press section, the Op-Ed page was described as "pioneered by the Pulitzer in the old New York morning *World*" [Aug. 10]. It is quite true that Ralph Pulitzer, gentleman, poet and husband of famed Historian Margaret Leech, was publisher of the *World* during those great days of newspaperdom.

However, I believe it is universally agreed and accepted that the Op-Ed page was the brainchild of *World* Executive Ed-

itor Herbert Bayard Swope, who placed the likes of Heywood Brown, Franklin P. Adams, Alec Woolcott, Laurence Stallings, Harry Hansen, Samuel Chotzinoff and many other greats on that page, including Cartoonist Rollin Kirby.

What with books being published daily that attempt to alter history, I thought it might be well at least to give Swope credit for this creation, not forgetting three Pulitzer prizes the paper won under his stewardship—and a cover of *TIME* for Swope himself [Jan. 28, 1924].

HERBERT SWOPE JR.
Manhattan

Round Trip

Sir: Let's face it. The midi [Aug. 3] is for fun and games. Who in their right mind wants to look like a stylish mushroom? Who wants to grease the palms of Paris "designers" (who all had the same vision at once) and textile companies?

You've come a long way, baby, but they are trying to send you back.

(MRS.) PATRICIA G. MYERS
Pasadena, Calif.

Verse Yet

Sir: That popping, cracking sound is new and doesn't seem subsiding.

It's not a breakfast food, it's two Nutritionists colliding [Aug. 3].

RICHARD ARMOUR
Claremont, Calif.

Address Letters to *TIME*, *TIME & LIFE* Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

August 31, 1970 Vol. 96, No. 9

THE NATION

AMERICAN NOTES

City Logic

By what would seem to be a basic environmental logic, the nation's older and larger cities should be glad to have their population thin out somewhat. A degree of dispersion, if intelligently planned, might mitigate some of the urban discomforts born of congestion. But the logic of cities can be as odd as the impulse that prompts men to swarm together in the first place.

Preliminary 1970 census figures, for example, indicated last week that New York City has lost more than 500,000 residents since 1960—a trend shared by a number of Eastern and Midwest cities. Immediately Mayor John Lindsay contested the figures suggesting that his domain is down to a mere 7,200,000 or so residents. "My guess," he said testily, "is that we're seriously undercounted here."

His reasons, of course, are financial and political. A lower head count means less state and federal financial aid; many subsidy programs are based on population. A loss of citizenry can also lead to reduced representation in the state and national capitals. As poor and underskilled minorities have flocked into New York and other Northern cities, the middle class has retreated to the suburbs along with its tax and consumer dollars. Hence, even with a falling population, municipal expenses—and costly social problems—proliferate. As Lindsay's reaction suggests, cities are swept up in a vicious cycle: they require more people in order to take care of more people.

Bread for Sourdough

After the cable car and the Golden Gate Bridge, San Francisco takes a particular civic pride in its unique sourdough bread. Its special qualities depend on a yeastlike "starter" used in the baking, and locals are fond of arguing that the city's cool, foggy climate gives it qualities that cannot be duplicated.

Trading on this argument, Researchers William Sandine and Paul Elliker at Oregon State University have persuaded the U.S. Department of Agriculture to finance a study of the bacterial species isolated in sourdough. When more is known about these starter cultures they can be packaged for sourdough production all over the nation. The cost of this recondit enterprise is calculated to make most taxpayers choke: \$49,190.

Wraith and Home

When Clarence Eckert returned to the U.S. after 3½ years as a civil engineer in Saudi Arabia, he and his family settled into an eight-room, custom-built house jutting over a pond in Ossining, N.Y. Within a year he was ready to leave. "New York is awful," said Eckert, 52. "I've moved from one kind of desert to another."

Eckert put his house on the market and prepared to move to Washington, D.C. But no one was buying. Finally he hit upon an added attraction: with the house a buyer would get a 1953 Silver Wraith Rolls-Royce once owned by a Saudi Arabian prince. Total price: \$92,500. At week's end, there were still no takers.

THE VICE PRESIDENCY At Home and Abroad

Spiro Agnew, one of Richard Nixon's most salable commodities, is temporarily being exported to Asia this week in a model rarely seen domestically. It will be a diplomatic Agnew, entrusted with the task of soothing four allies that are apprehensive about the slow but continuing withdrawal of U.S. troops from the Far East. The message is that U.S. interest will not diminish with its force level.

After a conference with the President and Secretary of State William Rogers, Agnew got a San Clemente send-off Saturday for his eight-day hand-holding trip. His itinerary:

► South Viet Nam: Clearly the most important, if not the trickiest stop Agnew will make, it is intended to reinforce Nixon's pledge to the Thieu government and also to provide Nixon with a fresh assessment of the progress of Vietnamization since the Cambodian invasion.

► Thailand: With the Administration eager to get Thai troops involved in the defense of Cambodia, and the Thais displaying no haste to do so, Agnew will have a job on his hands to dispel doubts about Nixon's intentions. "They get nervous whenever somebody on the Hill says something disparaging, although it isn't the Administration that's speaking," a White House aide said.

► South Korea: The Seoul government has already received the bad news—the withdrawal of 20,000 of the 60,000 American troops there. Agnew will repeat the Nixon position: that the remaining force is a "quite credible deterrent."

► Taiwan: Unless Agnew is bearing a secret message from the President, the stop here looks like a courtesy call on a steadfast ally.

The Vice President's second trip to Asia occurred against a backdrop of some further domestic arguments about U.S. Indochina policy. It was disclosed last week that the Administration had quietly concluded an agreement to give Cambodia an additional \$40 million worth of military equipment, on top of an \$8.9 million earlier commitment. The



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MURPHY & BOB HOPE LISTENING TO AGNEW
Enthusiasm for a traditional role.

antiwar faction in the Senate was angry but powerless to act, because the Administration can use funds already appropriated. In Cambodia itself, Communist forces ranged within a few miles of Phnom-Penh, but U.S. analysts believe that the enemy was not preparing to attack the Cambodian capital. South Vietnamese units, meanwhile, continued their operations aimed at securing strategic points.

In a rare show of unanimity that united William Fulbright and Barry Goldwater, however, the Senate voted to bar U.S. funding of foreign expeditionary forces that might be sent into Cambodia or Laos. The Administration opposes the restriction. Even if the measure survives a House-Senate conference, which is uncertain, it would not affect limited border operations. But it would cover large-scale incursions by Thais and South Vietnamese troops, unless Bangkok and Saigon want to pay their own way, and it could well complicate Agnew's mission.

Agnew himself was a major contributor to the domestic controversy last week with a harsh personal attack on two leading Senate doves. Appearing before the Veterans of Foreign Wars in Miami Beach, he went after Oregon Republican Mark Hatfield and South Dakota Democrat George S. McGovern, two of the authors of a Senate measure that would end all American combat operations in South Vietnam by Dec. 31, 1970. Their plan, Agnew said, is a blueprint for disaster and humiliation, "chaos and Communism." He added: "One wonders if they really give a damn." In a Senate speech the next day, Hatfield asked: "What kind of men have we at the helm of government who would de-

liberately coerce the public into accepting their policies on the threat of being branded traitors?"

Later in the week, Agnew was again on display in his more familiar domestic role, assailing political foes without the encumbrances imposed by dealing with foreign allies. In a Los Angeles fund-raising speech, nominally in praise of Senator George Murphy, the hard-pressed Republican incumbent, Agnew opened a rough counterattack on the politically dangerous economic issue. The Democrats, he said, would spend the country into bankruptcy and socialism if given half a chance. As evidence, he noted that Democratic National Chairman Lawrence O'Brien—a frequent critic of Nixon on the economy—had presided over a Wall Street investment house before it folded. O'Brien pointed out that he was with the company only seven months and that a number of other brokerage firms are also collapsing, thanks to the bear market.

Freewheeling. Agnew may have been speaking for himself in Los Angeles, but in Miami Beach it was the Administration talking. The prose came from Nixon's hardest-hitting speechwriter, Pat Buchanan. He will soon have plenty of opportunity to keep punching. On Sept. 10, when the political season gets going in earnest, Buchanan will be in the Agnew entourage as the Vice President begins his first extended campaign foray. Also going along, in addition to Agnew's own men, will be Bryce Harlow, a Nixon Counsellor with Cabinet rank who will serve as top contact with the White House; Speechwriter William Safire; and Martin Anderson, special consultant to the President on domestic issues, who will handle research.

The trip will be made on a chartered

Boeing 727 loaded with communications gear for instant contact with the White House, and it is the Nixon battle plan for the congressional elections that Agnew will be carrying with him. How he executes the plan may well determine the tone of the campaign. The swing is clearly aimed at altering the makeup of the Senate and will take Agnew to 13 Western, Midwestern and border states, where he is most effective.

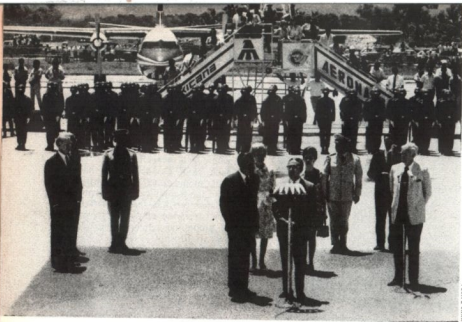
At each stop, the schedulers have sought out "media zones"—cities where Agnew and the Republican congressional candidates can get maximum television and statewide newspaper coverage. The preliminary itinerary includes Wyoming, California, Nevada, New Mexico, Michigan, Wisconsin, both Dakotas, Indiana, Illinois, Utah, Tennessee and Kentucky.

Even the most sanguine Republicans see no hope of changing Democratic control of the House in an off year, and it would take a small miracle to achieve the seven-seat net gain needed for Senate control. But the G.O.P. hopes to pick up four or five Senate seats and, at the least, muffle some of the anti-Administration voices there.

Aside from his current Asian trip, Agnew has all but abandoned nonpolitical chores in Washington. He largely avoids the Senate these days. Last spring he was publicized as the chairman of the Nixon Cabinet committee for desegregation of schools, but he has missed its last seven meetings. He is Nixon's chief liaison with state governments, but did not attend the last Governors Conference. Soon, however, he will be seeing many of the Governors, as well as Senators, in the more combative forum of the fall campaign.



SOUTH VIETNAMESE SOLDIER IN CAMBODIA
Rarely seen model.



NIXONS ARRIVE FOR MEXICAN VISIT
Happy diplomacy, enjoyable summer.

THE PRESIDENCY

South of the Adjusted Border

With Orwellian thoroughness, fumigation squads swept through airport, hotel, plazas, streets. Tractors and crews toiled round the clock clearing debris from recent mud slides. Every stray dog was rounded up and vaccinated against rabies. Squatters' shacks along the river banks were uprooted and flow-ers were planted in their stead. Two hundred Mexican and American secret service men patrolled. Four battalions of Mexican troops moved in to help. Twenty thousand photographs of Presidents Richard Nixon and Gustavo Diaz Ordaz festooned the town.

Working Vacation. The activity left scarcely a resident of the picturesque Sierra Madre village of Puerto Vallarta unaffected. Not since Richard Burton and Elizabeth Taylor visited there for the filming of *Night of the Iguana* in 1963 had Puerto Vallarta known such excitement. As volunteers of all ages and both sexes helped patch holes in the streets, Governor Francisco Medina Ascencio, of the state of Jalisco, purred: "The people realize that this is the greatest opportunity they have to publicize their town."

En route to his third working vacation of the summer at San Clemente, Calif., the President was making an end run south of the border to see Lame Duck President Diaz Ordaz. The matters under discussion never seemed to acquire the importance White House aides tried to assign them.

Item: The Presidents announced agreement to a formula for settling boundary disputes along the meandering Rio Grande River, whose shifting course at times changes the nationality of small parcels of land. The essentially technical agreement had already been worked out

at the ministerial level. If fewer than 100 people are involved in a future shift, the country losing acreage may restore the river to its previous course at its own expense. If more occupants or large plots are involved, the nations will jointly restore the channel. Tiny islands that have been under disputed sovereignty were apportioned—182 to Mexico, 137 to the U.S. About a dozen families living within the Presidio-Ojinaga tracts will be accorded dual U.S.-Mexican citizenship.

Item: A new agreement on controlling the salinity of Colorado River water reaching Mexico from the U.S.—to replace an existing pact expiring in November—was discussed, but no agreement was reached.

Item: Mexican feelings, ruffled when U.S. agents set up Operation Intercept last fall to stem the flow of narcotics from south to north, were soothed in a discussion of that topic.

Favorite Haunt. Actually, there were no compelling reasons for the trip. But Nixon, remarkably at ease, no doubt sensed an opportunity for some "happy diplomacy" in contrast to the ever-simmering Middle East and Indochina situations. There were other, largely personal, factors. Nixon had promised to resolve the border disputes before his friend Diaz Ordaz leaves office in December. And the President had expressed a sentimental desire to return to Mexico with Pat during their 30th anniversary year. The two honeymooned in Acapulco in 1940.

The presidential mood, in fact, currently tends very much to nostalgia and positivism. Before heading to Mexico, the Chief Executive flew to New York City for an off-the-record session with executives of the pro-Administration New York Daily News (see PRESS). Then the President indulged in some relaxed

sidewalk handshaking. Next he feasted on striped bass *rôti*, *concombres au beurre*, *filet de boeuf poêlé Périgourdin*, *purée de haricots*, *pommes Anna* and *fritandises*—accompanied by wine and champagne—at a favorite old Manhattan haunt, La Côte Basque.

By week's end a cheerful Richard Nixon signaled clearly that hours spent with amiable editors and *amigable* Mexicans are so much to his liking that there will be encores of both. This week newspaper and broadcast editors from 13 Western states are to gather at San Clemente for presidential briefings. And on Sept. 3, Diaz Ordaz will be Nixon's guest at a dinner celebrating the California bicentennial. Mexicans—and the large Mexican-American voting populations of California and the Southwest—are sure to take note.

The Digest's Reader

As Air Force One jetted westward last week, the principal passenger settled down to his must reading—a blue, loose-leaf notebook with gold embossed lettering identifying it as "The President's Daily News Briefing." The clouds gathering outside were as nothing compared to the scowl forming on Richard Nixon's face. Press Secretary Ron Ziegler was summoned. Nixon had just read a digest of a column by Newhouse newspapers Correspondent Don Bacon that noted occasions on which Ziegler has planted questions with White House reporters on the eve of Nixon's news conferences. In 23 years of public life, the President said, he had never resorted to planted questions. "Never do that again," Nixon ordered.

Wired Briefing. The incident illustrated how Nixon, despite his disinclination to watch television news and read newspapers and magazines closely, keeps well posted nonetheless. He mere-

BURTON REINTERVIEW FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES



PAT BUCHANAN
At the head of the filter.

ly spot-checks the four newspapers* delivered daily to his office, spending more time on the sports pages than anything else. But a four-man staff headed by Speechwriter Pat Buchanan does a great deal of reading and filtering for the President. By 8 o'clock each morning, Buchanan delivers to the President's desk a digest of significant news and commentary. If the President is traveling, the digest is wired to him.

Containing from 20 to 50 pages, the summary gives the President capsulized versions of top stories distributed by the wire services, a "play report" detailing how nine different newspapers displayed the stories, a section describing the previous evening's news shows on the three networks, and a compilation of editorials and opinion columns culled daily from 54 newspapers. The television section indulges in its own "instant analysis"; recently it noted that NBC's Herb Kaplow, in reporting Nixon's gaffe over the Charles Manson trial, was "fair in his report, and overall it came over in a balanced fashion." Howard K. Smith "had another incisive commentary" on Kenneth O'Donnell's memoirs about John F. Kennedy's intentions to withdraw U.S. forces from Viet Nam.

Labeled "for the President's eyes only," the news summary in fact is distributed to 50 presidential aides. Frequently, a special editorial analysis is included, reflecting journalistic reaction to a current major issue, like Nixon's recent veto of two appropriations bills. Each Wednesday Nixon also receives a digest of the contents of some 25 magazines, ranging from TIME and other newsmagazines to I.F. Stone's *Bi-Weekly*.

No Bibliophile. Examination of the daily news summary tends to substantiate the staff's contention that it gives the President—referred to as RN in the digest—the bitter with the sweet. Last week, for instance, it contained the caustic appraisals of Vice President Spiro Agnew that came in response to Agnew's attack on the McGovern-Hatfield end-of-the-war amendment. It also took note of Senator Edward Kennedy's statement that he was "shocked and disappointed" by the Nixon decision to retain quotas on oil imports.

One thing the President's private publication does not include is books. Though Nixon is hardly a bibliophile, he does dip into histories occasionally. He has read *Patton* (and watched the movie twice). Near his favorite chair in the Lincoln sitting room are *The Real Abraham Lincoln* by Reinhard Luthin and John Dos Passos' *Mr. Wilson's War*. A book currently winning critical praise, Jules Witcover's *The Resurrection of Richard Nixon*, apparently will be neither acclaimed nor condemned by its subject. Nixon "has no desire to read about himself," says an aide. Nor does he like to watch reruns of his own performances on TV.

* Washington Post, Washington Star, New York Times, Los Angeles Times.



PAUL BARTER—LIFE

MIAMI "RALLY FOR DECENCY"
Look and listen before leading.

OPINION

The Real Majority

Political rhetoric tends to achieve a life of its own, congealing into cant and conventional wisdom, an unexamined shorthand. In a forthcoming book, *The Real Majority* (Coward-McCann Inc.; \$7.95), Political Analysts Richard Scammon and Ben J. Wattenberg take a canny inventory of the nation's political assumptions and vocabulary. They conclude that some of the preconceptions of both Democrats and Republicans need a fresh going over.

Scammon and Wattenberg, who describe themselves as independent Democrats, find that liberals, primarily Democrats, have made the profound mistake of equating firmness against crime and rioting with racism. This blunder gives conservatives and Republicans a decided advantage: "The law-and-order issue today is essentially a civil libertarianism issue, and the question that must be asked is: What about the civil liberties of hard-working, crime-scared Americans, black and white, many of whom happen to be Democrats? It is black Democrats who face the worst crime rates in America."

Shifting Center. The Democrats, say the authors, have failed to recognize the mass of Americans' "non-negotiable demands" for tranquility. Republicans have understood the fears and desires about law and order much better. In fact, some of the more conservative Republicans have exaggerated and exploited the issue. But the Republicans, say Scammon and Wattenberg, have been much less perceptive in other areas, notably Middle America's acceptance of Medicare, federal aid to education, the need to rebuild cities and to face up to problems of race.

The "real majority" in America, ac-

cording to the authors, remains "the unyoung, un-poor, un-black, un-college and un-political." This group occupies a middle ground that Democrats and Republicans alike often fail to define intelligently. For the center shifts. Those in the middle have, according to the authors, become somewhat more conservative on such social issues as crime, race, drugs and pornography (this is in part contradicted by much greater permissiveness about what now can be printed or shown on the screen, and greater open-mindedness about marijuana than existed only a few years ago). At the same time, the center has grown more liberal on economic issues.

Goldwater's Lesson. Both parties, Scammon and Wattenberg argue, tend to magnify impulses at either extreme. Some Democrats speak of forming a new coalition of the left composed of the young, the black, the poor, the well-educated, while relegating others, especially white union labor, to the ranks of "racists." But, the authors observe, only the blacks generally vote as a bloc, not the young or the poor. Enfranchising 18-year-olds will lower the average age of all voters slightly, but it will remain above 40. Besides, "being a young American apparently connotes nothing more than a chronological fact; some are liberal, some conservative."

Scammon and Wattenberg also challenge the assumption by some Republicans that a full-blown Southern strategy could succeed. Nixon received less than one-fifth of his 1968 electoral votes from the South: "Just let the voters feel that their President is trying to outbid George Wallace in the South and watch those slim, non-Southern pluralities melt all over the nation . . . The last Republican presidential aspirant who waged a Southern strategy reveals how successful that approach is. Barry

Goldwater, in 1964, carried five Southern states and Arizona."

Nixon faces another pitfall. "Presidents get elected by occupying the center territory," Scammon and Wattenberg argue. "But once they are inaugurated, it is no simple matter to stay there." The authors suggest that Nixon increasingly will have to decide issues on the basis of what is best for the nation, not for the right or the left. In so doing, he erodes his support on one side or the other and, over the long run, both.

In 1972, Nixon will enjoy all of the obvious campaign advantages of an incumbent. But, say the authors, "his popularity seems somewhat hollow, a popularity that is extremely vulnerable to a bad turn of events. If the Democratic candidate in 1972 is a man of the center, he may do very well in a personality versus personality contest."

In any case, Scammon and Wattenberg suggest that the successful candidates in most races will be those who re-examine their language and move closer to the "real majority." For all the crossfire of "bigot" and "fascist," Scammon and Wattenberg conclude, "We recommend to would-be leaders of the people that they trust the people and listen to the people before leading the people."

PERSONALITY

The Fugitive

Few young revolutionaries who have come to prominence have accumulated a clearer public record than Angela Davis. Yet when she was charged with murder, the record, as always, left the same tantalizing gap: Who, really, is the woman behind the known facts and the favored, middle-class girlhood?

At week's end she was still a fugitive, wanted by the FBI if unwanted as a teacher of philosophy by the University of California board of regents. The accusation of murder—supplying four guns involved in a fatal, futile breakout from a Marin County, Calif., courtroom three weeks ago—disrupted her academic colleagues even while her revolutionary friends lionized her anew. Her situation is in stark contrast to her earlier promise.

Girl Scout. Angela Davis, 26, is black and, slogans aside, beautiful. She is an outstanding scholar and teacher as well. Outwardly, the circumstances of her early life seem almost contrivedly good: both her parents were schoolteachers in Birmingham, Ala., where she went through the tenth grade as a straight A student. Her father, B. Frank Davis, now a service-station operator, remembers her as a happy child. "Girl Scout outings were fun to her then," he said last week.

That is not her memory. She recently recalled: "My political involve-

ment stems from my existence in the South. When I was twelve, I helped organize interracial study groups in Birmingham, but they were busted up by the police. For me, a very deep and personal thing was the bombing of the Birmingham church in September 1963, when the four young girls were killed. I knew them. Our families were very close."

As a teen-ager, she began receiving a series of scholarships. They allowed her to complete high school in New York City and go on to Brandeis University, the Sorbonne and the Institute for Social Research in Frankfurt, Germany. Those who knew her at Brandeis, from which she graduated with honors after studying French literature, and at the Sorbonne, where she studied literature and philosophy, describe her as brilliant but also introverted to the point

dance at meetings lapse only because she also became a Communist and spent much of her time with the party's all-black Che-Lumumba Club. She took part in the storming of a campus building in San Diego. She was arrested for refusing to leave a police station.

Her rhetoric kept pace with her actions except in the classroom, where, her U.C.L.A. philosophy department colleagues said, her Communism never influenced her excellent lectures. In a speech, she once declared that "the Government has to be overthrown." Like Marcuse, however, she added that a general violent revolution was impossible in the United States. But Marcuse has distinguished between the "institutionalized" violence of society and the "defensive" violence of revolutionary students. Disciple Davis once spoke approvingly of the Che-Lumumba Club's

concept that "revolution must be tied to dealing with specific problems now, not a lot of rhetoric about revolution, but real, fundamental problems."

Flight to L.A. Her first bout with notoriety occurred last year, when the regents began their long and ultimately successful effort to oust her as an assistant professor of philosophy. Threats and obscene telephone calls made her change her telephone number frequently. She switched apartments three times. Then she became active in the cause of "the Soledad Three," black convicts accused of murdering a guard at Soledad State Prison in a continuing racial conflict.

Was the armed invasion of a California courtroom, designed to force release of the Soledad Three, a way of "dealing with specific problems now?" Angela Davis

carried the answer with her into hiding. Most of her friends presume her innocence, though they are troubled. But the circumstantial evidence kept accumulating last week. Police say she purchased a shotgun two days before it was used to murder Judge Harold J. Haley, as well as three other weapons used in the shootout. A day before the killings, she was reported seen in the yellow truck in which the judge was killed. Three hours after the gunfire, she bought an airplane ticket in nearby San Francisco for a flight to Los Angeles.

Some of her radical supporters, in praising her, seemed to be proudly proclaiming her guilt. Black Panther Leader Huey P. Newton called for others to follow the "courageous example" of the courthouse shootings. At a rally last week in San Francisco, Charles Garry, a white lawyer for the Black Panthers, shouted: "More power to Angela Davis! May she live long in liberty."



ANGELA DAVIS

Action paced to rhetoric.

of aloofness. They recall little political activity beyond civil rights sit-ins. But she has said that during her college years she came under the philosophical and personal influence of Marxist Herbert Marcuse. It was he who suggested that she switch her focus from literature to philosophy.

Che-Lumumba Club. "Marcuse had the greatest influence on me through his lectures, his books and as a person," she has said. He was supervising her doctoral dissertation on "the concept of force in Kant's political thinking" at the University of California at San Diego. Says Marcuse: "I consider her the best student I ever had in the more than 30 years I have been teaching."

Angela Davis had changed by the time she arrived in San Diego to study under Marcuse. She showed warmth and concern for her friends, but she became increasingly militant. She joined the Black Panthers, letting her atten-

* Under California law, a person abetting a murderer before the act is as culpable as the killer himself.

TRIALS

The New Haven Eight

For a fleeting hour last week, it seemed more like a reunion and a radical talk-fest than a murder trial. In an empty New Haven, Conn., jury room, Black Panther Chairman Bobby Seale met and embraced his old friend, Panther Defense Minister Huey P. Newton. Court proceedings and stints in jail had kept them apart for nearly three years. Now Newton was present as a spectator, and Seale as a witness in the trial of Black Panther Lonnie McLucas. Said Newton of the encounter: "It was beautiful. I had heard Bobby was fasting, but he looked like he was putting on weight."

Newton's mood was a mixture of the chipper and the defiant. During the court session, he and Seale exchanged the clenched-fist salute. Later, at a press conference, Newton accused the trial judge, Harold Mulvey, of being biased in favor of the prosecution—though the jurist has impressed most disinterested observers as fair-minded. When pressed to talk about the plight of McLucas, Newton declaimed about conditions in Angola and the Panthers' communications with Hanoi. The real issue, however, was much closer to home. McLucas, 24, is the first of eight Panthers, Seale among them, to be tried on charges that include conspiracy to kidnap and murder Alex Rackley, a party member who was suspected of being a police informer.

Confession. Yet the presence of the nationally prominent Panther leaders almost obscured the McLucas case. It was ostensibly in McLucas' behalf that Seale, whose own trial will come later, voluntarily appeared as the last defense witness. "The Chairman," as Seale repeatedly referred to himself, was of little help to McLucas.

Prosecutor Arnold Markle has eye-witness statements from two participants in the crime, George Sams Jr. and Warren Kimbro, implicating McLucas in the torture and murder of Rackley. Markle also has a confession from McLucas made to an FBI agent that he fired the second shot into Rackley. Both Sams, a former bodyguard for Stokely Carmichael, and Kimbro, a Connecticut Panther leader, have pleaded guilty to second-degree murder. Sams' testimony named Seale as the man who gave the murder order in May 1969.

The crucial issue in the case is the credibility of Sams and, to a lesser degree, of Kimbro. Sams' claim that he was acting under orders from Seale conflicted with earlier testimony from Kimbro. Kimbro had said that the order to take care of Rackley came from Rory Hihe and Landon Williams, members of the party's national leadership who are currently fighting extradition from Colorado. Sams also contends that on the night of the torture, Seale visited Kimbro's house, where Rackley was being held, and gave Sams the order to "do away with him." In court testimony Kimbro

alleged that McLucas was a consenting member of the plot to kill Rackley.

Water Torture. McLucas' only real defense has been to maintain that he had no foreknowledge of the plan and that he was coerced by Sams. Defense Attorney Theodore Koskoff, a self-described member of the establishment who took the case to "see if the System works," has continually stressed Sams' history as a mental defective with sadistic tendencies. Witnesses, both for the defense and the prosecution, attested to Sams' violent nature.

McLucas, by comparison, has maintained a gentle dignity throughout the trial. Neatly dressed in jacket and tie, he was composed throughout the toughest prosecution questioning, and generally addressed Markle as "Sir" or "Mr. Markle." One of the defendants, Margaret Hudgins, testified earlier that McLucas



PANTHER DEFENDANT McLUCAS
The Chairman was little help.

had put his head on her lap and wept after Rackley's death. McLucas described how he was "shocked" when Sams poured boiling water on Rackley.

Still, McLucas' contention that he was an unwilling, unknowing accessory to the murder has not held up well under cross-examination. On the stand he admitted to having driven Sams, Kimbro and Rackley to a bog outside Middlefield, Conn., where the murder took place. He insisted that he thought that they were taking Rackley to the bus station, though Rackley was bound and barefoot and had a wire coat hanger around his neck. "George [Sams] did some very strange things," McLucas said by way of explanation. He also admitted that after Kimbro had shot Rackley the first time, "I fired into his body. Yes, sir." He fired the shot, he said, out of fear of Sams, who he thought had another gun. Then he conceded that he had seen no other weapon while in the car. He also said that

he thought Rackley was already dead before the second bullet. Throughout, McLucas insisted that it was Sams, not Seale, who delivered the fatal order.

Preamble. Seale took the stand on the final day of cross-examination. He testified that he had met Sams only once, and that was in 1968. He also maintained that he had stopped at Kimbro's house the morning before Rackley's death only to make a phone call, that he did not know of the brutality, and that if he had known, he would have expelled the guilty members from the party. Asked if he kept track of the rank and file, he replied: "I'm just the Chairman. I don't pay attention to everyone."

Unlike previous trials of Panthers and revolutionaries, the New Haven proceedings have been orderly. Seale, whose outbursts in the Chicago conspiracy trial led to his being gagged, behaved well last week. Much of the credit should go to Judge Mulvey and Defense Attorney Koskoff, who seemed determined to prevent the trial from developing into a judicial circus.

This week the prosecution and defense will make their concluding statements, and the jury, three members of which are black, will begin deliberation. Whatever the outcome, however, it is all preamble to the trial of Seale. Throughout the proceedings, Prosecutor Markle has been building his case with an eye toward proving that the murder was a conspiracy at the top, not an aberration perpetrated by nonentities.

Home to the Wars

Another radical who adopted a strategic decorum in court found that it paid. Last October, Brian Flanagan, 23, a New York City carpenter, was arrested in the thick of the Weatherman "Days of Rage" in Chicago. He was charged, among other things, with aggravated assault against the city's assistant corporation counsel, Richard Elrod, who had been paralyzed from the neck down in the street fighting.

For the trial, Flanagan has his shoulder-length hair shorn, donned a neat jacket and, unlike Abbie Hoffman and the rest of the Chicago Seven, behaved like a perfect young gentleman. It helped, of course, that the weight of the evidence showed that Elrod's neck had not been broken by a kick or bludgeoning. Witnesses testified that Elrod had been injured while trying to tackle Flanagan (TIME, June 22).

Last week, after five hours' deliberation, the jury acquitted Flanagan of all charges. He quickly dropped his disguise. Off came the jacket, up flew the right arm in a clenched-fist salute. "Boom power to the Weathermen!" cried Flanagan. "I don't have to play the Man's game any more. Law-and-order in Chicago is a farce. I want to go back to the streets and fight." New Yorkers will not be cheered by Flanagan's parting words. With his arm around his girl friend he proclaimed: "I'm going home to make love and war."

Who's Come a Long Way, Baby?

THESE are the times that try men's souls, and they are likely to get much worse before they get better. It was not so long ago that the battle of the sexes was fought in gentle, rolling Thurber country. Now the din is in earnest, echoing from the streets where pickets gather, the bars where women once were barred, and even connubial beds, where ideology can intrude at the unconscious drop of a male chauvinist epithet. This week, marking the 50th anniversary of the proclamation of the 19th Amendment granting women the vote, the diffuse, divided, but grimly determined Women's Liberation movement plans a nationwide protest day against the second sex's once and present oppression.

There will be parades, fiery speeches and blunt street theater. In many cities, Freedom Trash Cans will be available to receive symbols of sexist oppression such as cosmetics, bras and detergents. NBC's *Today* show will focus on women's rights, and the cast will be all female. Next week's edition of the underground Los Angeles *Free Press* will be put out by an all-girl staff. Everywhere, women's liberation organizations are urging women at home or in the office "to confront your own unfinished business of equality."

That unfinished business includes a list of goals that nearly all women liberationists agree on. They want equal

pay for equal work, and a chance at jobs traditionally reserved for men only. They seek nationwide abortion reform—ideally, free abortions on demand. They desire round-the-clock, state-supported child-care centers in order to cut the apron strings that confine mothers to unpaid domestic servitude at home. The most radical feminists want far more. Their eschatological aim is to topple the patriarchal system in which men by birthright control all of society's levers of power—in government, industry, education, science, the arts.

The Emergence of an Ideologue

Such notions have been raised aloft by the feminist movement in the U.S. since its beginnings more than a century ago. Until this year, however, with the publication of a remarkable book called *Sexual Politics*, the movement had no coherent theory to buttress its intuitive passions, no ideology to provide chapter and verse for its assault on patriarchy. Kate Millett, 35, a sometime sculptor and longtime brilliant misfit in a man's world, has filled the role through *Sexual Politics*. "Reading the book is like sitting with your testicles in a nutcracker," says George Stade, assistant professor of English at Columbia University. He should know; the book was Kate's Ph.D. thesis, and he was one of her advisers.

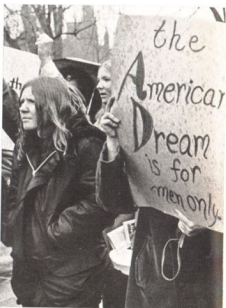
In a way, the book has made Millett the Mao Tse-tung of Women's Liberation. That is the sort of description she and her sisters despise. For the movement rejects the notion of leaders and heroines as creations of the media—and mimicry of the ways that men use to organize their world. Despite the fact that it is essentially a polemic suspended awkwardly in academic traction, *Sexual Politics* so far has sold more than 15,000 copies and is in its fourth printing.

In her book, Millett defines politics as the "power-structured relationships" by which one group—in this case the male elite—governs others. Patriarchy is thus limned as the institutional foe. Labeling it as the "most pervasive ideology of our culture," she argues that it provides our "fundamental concept of power." Women are helpless, in other words, because men control the basic mechanisms of society. Her solution is drastic: demolish the patriarchal system. Until this is done, women and men as well will "remain imprisoned in the vast gray stockades of sexual reaction. There is no way out but to rebel and be broken, stigmatized and cured."

Her anger is echoed by Dana Densmore, a radical activist, writing in *No More Fun and Games*: "No more us taking all the blame. No more us trying to imitate men and prove we are just as good. Frontal attack. It's all over now." Martha Shelly, poet, says that "the average man, including the average stu-

dent male radical, wants a passive sex object cum domestic cum baby nurse to clean up after him while he does all the fun things and bosses her around—while he plays either big-shot male executive or Che Guevara—and he is my oppressor and my enemy." Another example of that oppression: Audrey, a student at San Fernando Valley State College, thought her male roommate was very enlightened because he urged her to get involved with the movement. To her horror, she is beginning to suspect that he's spending the time she is away fooling around with other women. "It's just possible," she says, "that all men are male chauvinists on some level. It just may be that the Lysistrata idea is the only way to get any sanity across."

That idea dates back to circa 415 B.C.; the movement in the U.S. goes

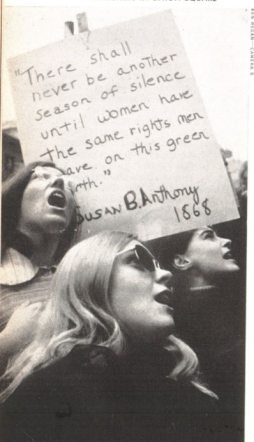


DEMONSTRATION AGAINST

back little more than a century. The first major effort, led by Lucretia Mott and Elizabeth Cady Stanton, culminated in 1848 with the convocation of the Women's Rights Convention at Seneca Falls, N.Y. For that convention, Stanton drafted a Declaration of Sentiments, stating in part that "we hold these truths to be self-evident; that all men and women are created equal," and demanding the right to vote, to equal educational and vocational opportunities, and to an ending of legal discrimination against women. Except for suffrage, those demands have yet to be met.

The status of women—America's numerical majority at 51% of the population—remains today as relentlessly second class as that of any minority. A third of the American work force is fe-

MARCHERS IN UNION SQUARE



male: 42% of the women 16 and older work. Yet there is only one economic indicator in which women consistently lead men, and that is the number living in poverty. In 1968, the median salary for full-time year-round workers was \$7,870 for white males, \$5,314 for non-white men, \$4,580 for white women and \$3,487 for nonwhite women. The median wage for full-time women workers is 58.2% of that for men. Translated into educational levels, women make half of what men do: on the average, a woman needs a college degree to earn more than a man does with an eighth-grade education.

Education, the democratic equalizer, has not guaranteed women an even entry into the job market. Of women with five or more years of college, 6% take jobs as unskilled or semiskilled workers, and 17% of the women with four years of college enter the labor pool at these lowest levels.

The number of women in the higher

HOWARD HARRISON—NANCY PALMER AGENCY



WOMEN WHO HAVE "MADE IT"

business and professional categories is grossly disproportionate both to the population and to the educational background of some women. Women constitute only 9% of all the professions, 7% of the doctors, 3% of the lawyers, 1% of the engineers. Average starting salaries in each of these fields are lower for women than for their male counterparts.

Even when women enter more "traditional" fields, they have trouble reaching the top. Nine out of ten elementary-school teachers are women, but eight out of ten principals of these schools are men. Harvard will have two tenured women professors in its arts and sciences faculty this year; there were none last year. Yet 15% of the graduate degrees awarded at Harvard

in recent years have gone to women.

Women in public life are scarce. Ten female Representatives and one Senator serve in the current Congress. Twenty in 1962 is the all-time high. The route to the Senate for seven of the ten women in the history of that body has been by election or appointment to seats vacated by death, often those of their husbands. There have been just two women Cabinet members, and despite promises to bring women into the highest levels of Government, the Nixon Administration has yet to name the third. Of the 8,750 judges presently sitting, only 300 are women, most of whom serve on county courts. For the fall elections, however, politicians are rapidly beginning to realize that women constitute an important voting bloc. In New York State, a Women's Liberation spokesman reports, aides of major candidates are calling Women's Lib offices to ask, in effect, what they should say to attract this vote.

Revolution in the Revolution

The sudden awareness is another indication of the rising interest in the drive for women's rights, which in its current phase began in 1963, when Betty Friedan published *The Feminine Mystique*, a book exposing the vacuity of many suburban housewives' lives. In 1966, she founded the National Organization for Women (NOW), whose goals have now been largely adopted by the movement. Today it is the single largest group within the movement, with 5,000 members.

The civil rights movement, in an ironic way, created additional converts to the feminist cause. During the Southern turmoil of the middle '60s, many women volunteers found that sexist discrimination extended even to the revolution. "Civil rights," says one organizer, "has always been a very male-dominated movement." Most radical organizations saw to it that the "chicks" operated the mimeograph machines and scamped out for coffee while the men ran the show.

For many women trained—and disillusioned—in the radical movements of the '60s, NOW seemed slightly middle-aged, middle-class and tame. They formed protest groups in their own, often bizarre styles. Among them are BITCH (for nothing), WITCH (Women's International Terrorist Conspiracy from Hell), Bread and Roses (long a feminist slogan, suggesting that women wanted not only flowers but bread—wages—as well), Redstockings, the Radical Mothers, and Media Women. Often their tactics differ from more conservative groups like NOW, FEW (Federally Employed Women) and Women Inc. of San Francisco. The latter, while it supports the call for equality, opposes abolition of abortion laws and "does not approve of the antiwar movement," as Vice President Mrs. Marjorie Hart put it.

To at least one feminist, however, the lack of a strong, single organization



PROTESTING IN FRONT OF PLAYBOY BUILDING

is unfortunate. Says Ti-Grace Atkinson, a top-ranking figure in NOW until she split from them in 1968: "The whole thing is in a mess. We need a revolution in the revolution. We really have to get to the truth, which a lot of women are afraid of doing, and yet I don't want to say anything that could be used against the movement at this time. If we get sloppy, other people will be affected." She has been called an extremist by many in the movement, and she is the first to admit it: "All my friends say I am too uncompromising and unreasonable, but I've been screwed too many times." One of her most extreme causes is her stand against marriage, which she calls slavery. She says: "If you look at the laws, it is legalized rape, causes unpaid labor, curtails a woman's freedom of movement and requires no assurances of love from a man." Love is another target: "It's tied up with a sense of dependency, and we cling to it. Those individuals who are today defined as women must eradicate their own definition. In a sense, women must commit suicide." Few of the women's groups will go quite that far.

Another area of policy dissent is the lesbian issue. For years, men automatically shrugged off demands for female equality by labeling complainants "nothing but lesbians." The charge is manifestly unfair—a "lavender herring" at best, as Author Susan Brownmiller notes

—but women in the movement are super-sensitive about the issue. So much so, in fact, that many lesbians have split from the movement to “combat,” as Lois Hart wrote to the *New York Times*, “oppression at the hands of their straight sisters. They bravely talk about liberating themselves from dehumanizing sexual-role definitions, but then employ the same odious treatment in dealing with women who have found a sexual, emotional and spiritual companion in another woman.”

Fifty Ways Men Can Help

The movement's diversity is pointed up by the variety of new women's publications. Most are angry and barely afloat financially. A few, such as *Aphra*, a quarterly located in Springtown, Pa., and *Women: A Journal of Liberation*, of Baltimore, are of high literary quality. Some, like *A Broom of One's Own*, of Washington, are largely one-woman efforts. Two angry entries are *Off Our Backs* and *Up from Under*—a gymnastic juxtaposition.

Rat, one of the movement's few bi-weekly newspapers, started out life in Manhattan as a male-dominated, far-left publication, then degenerated into a mere politics-cum-pornography style. Women staffers asked permission to put out an issue, then took over completely. *Rat* staffers, like many other women in the movement, are bitterly resentful of the image of Women's Liberation they feel has been created by the press and TV. Some refuse to talk to major publications; others consent to interviews but only in pairs or groups. At least one major newspaper, however, has offered a hand: the Miami *Herald* ran a

story recently headed “Fifty Ways Men Can Start Helping Women.” Among those methods: “Let a woman take the initiative in dating and sex if she wants to; don't joke about Women's Liberation—it is a serious thing.”

So far, the movement has not produced much humor. But the April issue of *Off Our Backs* offered readers a Playboy-type centerfold showing a bearded Mr. April fetchingly posed nude on a shaggy fur rug. In Berkeley, when an organization called Women for the Free Future burned a diploma to symbolize their claim that the university failed to teach women anything relevant to their situation in society, they also incinerated a Barbie doll, a book by Norman Mailer (regarded as an arch-male chauvinist by the movement), birth-control pills, the Bible, and *Good Housekeeping's* list of the Ten Most Admired Women (because they were identified by their husbands' names only). WITCH last year staged a protest in New York against a bridal-goods show because it exploited women. And Los Angeles activists chuckle wryly at this line: If God had wanted women to stay in the kitchen, he would have given them aluminum hands.

Liberation and Language

The proliferation of Women's Lib-oriented journals has served to standardize the movement's special jargon. In California, Varda Murrell is writing a *Dictionary of Sexism* attacking English as “Manglish.” With perfect seriousness she advocates, for example, substituting “girlcott” for “boycott.” Others are also playing the game. Unliberated honorifics like “Mrs.” and “Miss” are replaced by the noncommittal “Ms.” Idiotically, there is a move to replace “history” with “herstory.” A favorite pejorative is “sexism”—the expression of conscious or unconscious male-chauvinist attitudes. Sexism was the sin of one professor who admitted at a San Francisco meeting of the staid Modern Language Association that, all things considered, he would look at a girl's legs when considering her for a teaching post. “You bastard, you bastard!” one girl screamed (s.o.b. is out in the best feminist lexicons).

For movement women, the sex revolution of the '60s was no help at all. Robin Morgan, a founder of WITCH, says that “the sexual revolution was hell on women. It never helped us—it just made us more available.” The West Coast Redstocking Manifesto reports that “our bodies are male-occupied territory.” And Laura X (she has abandoned her surname) says: “The pill is the final pollution, the exact analogue of DDT, of gadget-trapping you into functions, not organic wholes. Men have become no more human since its advent: according to many young women who have made that unenviable leap from private property to public property, they treat women worse than ever.”

For all the visibility of BITCHES and

The Liberation of

THERE is the past as well as the present in Kate Millett's declaration, “Women's Liberation is my life.” In a voice barely above a murmur, trembling at times with emotion, she speaks of the experiences that produced *Sexual Politics* with the same articulate rage that distinguishes her book.

She excoriates much about her middle-class, Irish-Catholic childhood in St. Paul: the strict parochial schooling, financial hardships, the attitudes of her neighbors. But nothing dominates her memory as do the personalities of her parents: a father who beat her and her sisters, then walked out on them when she was 14; a mother who found barriers to earning a living.

Born in 1934, Kate was the second of three Millett daughters, who “should all have been sons. I remember seeing my father getting the news that the youngest was born . . . the look on his face: three orders in a row. I like my father now, but I'm also not ever going to forget what he did to us when I was a kid. Six feet one and really angry, he was mind-blowingly frightening.”

“My mother had a college degree, and when she needed a job, what did they offer her? A job demonstrating potato peelers in the basement of a department store. She didn't take it.” Instead, Mrs. Millett sold insurance on commission; the first year, with three children to support, she made less than \$1,000. “If you're a man, the insurance company finds out what the family needs and pays you a salary. But women don't get a salary . . . she got no help from society.”

Kate entered the University of Minnesota at 17, finished in eleven quarters instead of the usual twelve. She graduated Phi Beta Kappa, magna cum laude and “went to Oxford to be a scholar.” She was scholar enough to earn a coveted first in English literature, specializing in the Victorians.

WITCHES, the heart of the movement is made up of hundreds of “rap groups,” usually formed on an *ad hoc* basis. “Consciousness raising” is their aim: the establishment of a common understanding of the problems that women face in a male-dominated society. The usual group meets one night a week, numbers eight to twelve women, and concentrates on topics such as attitudes toward work, marriage, families, feminist history and woman's role in society. Again and again, phrases like this are heard: “I was desperate when I came to Women's Lib . . . I always thought there had to be something wrong with me because I wasn't exclusively interested in a life of suburban luxury . . . The first night I came to a rap group I had this



WOMEN'S KARATE CLASS
Down with the lamb chop.

Kate Millett

"I have a lot of trouble getting jobs," Kate says, and the 1,100 letters she wrote from England before turning up a teaching position was just one example. When she moved to New York a year later, employment agencies asked about her typing speed. "From Oxford to the Bowery in one easy lesson," says Millett.

For two years, Kate worked on learning to be a sculptor and how to pay the bills that wouldn't wait. "I got very good at pathetic letters." She moved to Japan in 1961; during her two years there she had her first artistic success in a show of her "chug" sculpture—bits of scrap representing soapbox-derby cars. She also met Sculptor Fumio Yoshimura. They returned to New York, where Kate began teaching—first at Hunter, then at Barnard—and working on her Ph.D. at Columbia. She lived with Fumio for a year, and "for what it's worth, being committed to each other and loving each other, we were already married. It's not the state's business." But when the state sent Fumio deportation papers in 1965, "we went to City Hall." They have no children, Fumio explains, because they are "two individuals. We cannot really construct a family system, because if we start to feel possessive, that's the end of our relationship."

"She was a very ordinary American liberal when I met her," Yoshimura says. But in the winter of 1964-65, Kate Millett attended a lecture series that was to make an extraordinary difference in her life. The lectures were titled "Are Women Emancipated?" Kate thought, "this is going to be one of those put-down sort of things, but maybe they'll take my point of view. All my life, guys said I was neurotic. I didn't accept my femininity, they said."

"At the next to the last lecture, I got all hot up. Afterward, a girl came up to me and said, 'You look kinda in-



terested in this; did you know there are civil rights for women?" And I thought like wow, this is for me."

Kate attended her first official Women's Liberation meeting soon afterward: "They said we need to have somebody to be chairman of education, and there was clearly nobody else to do it." The new education chairman for NOW "sat down and wrote this poop sheet" about women's colleges. *Token Learning*, a radical dissection of the quality of women's higher education.

For Kate, there was picketing, completing her Ph.D. course work, giving an impassioned speech at a faculty meeting during the Columbia University strike and the formation of new Women's Liberation groups. In November 1968, she made a speech at Cornell University. "I wrote a paper called 'Sexual Politics,' which was the germ of this whole book. It was a fiery little speech directed at girls, witty and tart and stuff like that—at least I thought it was. I used to listen to it rhapsodically on tape. It needed a job of editing, but at the time, I thought it was glorious."

Two days before Christmas, however, Kate was dropped from the faculty at Barnard. "Good old Christmas. I remember worrying about the presents. I was up against the wall." So she started to work on the thesis that was to become the book.

"I was trying to trace the reasons why the first phase of the sexual revolution started, and how it changed, through the currents of literature . . .

showing how literature reflects certain sides of our life, the way diamonds reflect life—or the way a broken bottle does. From culture criticism it got bigger and bigger until I was almost making a political philosophy." Kate started the thesis in February of 1969, finished it in September, revised it until March 1970, when she defended it for her Ph.D. "I was really afraid to write this book so much. I used to go crazy with terror about it." But for 14, 16, 18 hours a day, she wrote it: "In eight months, I had 2½ days off."

She works almost as hard now, since the release of the book, as she did writing it. A constant stream of interviewers works its way through her loft on the Bowery; telephone calls and personal appearances intrude on her casual dashiki-workpants-sandals life-style. The attention rubs off on her family, too; in St. Paul, her mother states her firm support of Kate's work, but wishes she would "dress herself up. Kate's missing the boat if she appears on the Mike Douglas Show without her hair washed."

Against her will, the grueling work has earned her a symbolic position in a movement whose "whole philosophy is that there is no one person who is symbolic," she says. "All I can do is exercise a lot of ingenuity. We've come a long way from the picket line protesting in front of the New York Times, baby. Now we've got to keep it up and not get corrupted and not get smug."

suddenly close feeling because I found out other people had the same feelings about gut issues that I did." Adds another: "It's not just you alone fighting your mother and father and all those engagement announcements she sends every week" (the message is all too clear—why isn't she getting married?).

While rap groups build common awareness of problems, national and state legal codes offer women a reasonably effective way of combatting sex discrimination. Section 703 of the Civil Rights Act of 1964 prohibits employers from hiring, firing, or in other ways discriminating against any individual for reasons of race, color, religion or sex. Complainants who approach the Equal Employment Oppor-

tunity Commission in Washington either begin the legal process there or, if their own state has similar laws, are told to go back to their home state for assistance. In New York State's case, the State Division of Human Rights takes on the complaint. As of the first of the year, 408 cases have been filed with the New York State Division; in 147 cases, a basis for complaint was found; in 192, the complaints were dismissed.

A major reason for the effectiveness of the civil rights legislation is simply the threat it poses. To protest male-female segregation in New York Times classified ads, for example, NOW staged an ad-lib protest in 1967. The Times desegregated its ads.

Legally sanctioned paths toward

change, as far as Kate Millett is concerned, are simply not enough. She calls for a "cultural revolution, which must necessarily involve political and economic reorganization [but] must go far beyond as well." Her target is the patriarchy, "the one ancient and universal scheme for the domination of one birth group by another, the scheme that prevails in the area of sex."

The family, Millett says, is patriarchy's chief institution and cell for sexist brainwashing. It not only "encourages its own members to adjust and conform, but acts as a unit [in the] patriarchal state which rules its citizens through its family heads." Male power is enforced by the man's position as head of the household; other members



WITCH PROTEST AT BRIDE SHOW
In a sense, it's got to be suicide.

of the family must rely upon his economic and social status. Within the family, gender roles are ideologically reinforced. Girls, for instance, are taught to cook and sew passively, in imitation of their mothers; boys are encouraged to be aggressive in imitation of their fathers. Biologically, she argues, there is little real difference between the sexes, beyond the specific genital characteristics. The heavier musculature of the male, she admits, is biological in origin but culturally encouraged through breeding, diet and exercise. In any case, she says, physical strength is not a factor in political relations, because "civilization has always been able to substitute other methods (technic, weaponry, knowledge) for those of physical strength."

Freud and Freudian theory are a major target. Freud, she says, was unable to separate female biology from female status, and his concept of penis envy, of woman as a damaged or castrated man, became a powerful supporter of patriarchal notions.

Even the concepts of courtly behavior and romantic love come in for attack. Chivalry represents, Millett says, simply "a sporting kind of reparation," and romance is a "means of emotional manipulation," which helps men to exploit women. (She does concede that romantic love is "convenient to both parties," particularly since it allows the female to overcome "the far more powerful conditioning she has received toward sexual inhibition.") The great myths of mankind, as interpreted by anthropologists, reinforce the themes of feminine subordination. Millett cites the legend of Pandora's box and the biblical tale of Adam's Fall, and says that both "these concepts of feminine evil have passed through a final literary phase to become highly influential ethical justifications of things as they are." Part of that literary phase, she says, is the male chauvinism that runs through the writ-

ings of authors like Norman Mailer, D. H. Lawrence and Henry Miller, each of whom in varying degrees writes of heroes who define their manhood through the subjugation of women.

There is no questioning the impact of her argument. But it is precisely the broad sweep of that argument that renders it vulnerable. Millett is no scientist, and scientists, notably Social Anthropologist Lionel Tiger (see box), are quick to point out imperfections. "She's not looking for the truth, but making a case," says Rutgers Anthropologist Robin Fox. He says he is no misogynist, but, he charges, she's "inventing a new mythology to replace the old one . . . She's playing ducks and drakes with the truth, and in the process doing herself and her cause a disservice." Specifically, Fox says, Millett's theory that gender identity is imposed by society rather than genes is "a typical half-truth."

Psychoanalyst Irving Bieber of New York Medical College says that men and women are very different genetically, and points out that the exact degrees of difference have yet to be determined. Both Bieber and Fox—and Clinical Psychologist Wardell Pomeroy as well—dispute Millett's argument that the family's chief function is to perpetuate the prescribed patriarchal attitudes. "That's another one of her sweeping generalizations," says Fox. "To assume that the situation is perpetuated by male conspiracy is to ignore the genetic basis." The real issue, says Fox, "is whether male and female roles are totally flexible and reversible." As far as Fox is concerned, the answer is no. Millett admits that "my book did overstate the case, because nobody was listening. All I did was substantiate a cliché which we all know—that it's a man's world."

Legacy of Revolution

Only briefly does Millett speculate on precisely what sort of society might be produced by the successful sexual revolution for which she calls. She expects integration of the separate male and female human subcultures, accompanied by "a permissive single standard of sexual freedom . . . uncorrupted by the crass and exploitative economic bases of traditional sexual alliances." She adds that an end to patriarchy would probably destroy the family as it is known today; the institution of marriage would wither away as well. Precisely what might replace the family is left unclear in her analysis (see THE ESSAY).

Many men, of course, are appalled by distorted visions of the liberated woman's utopia, a sort of all-female 1984. They fear, as Cato suggested (circa 195 B.C.): "The moment they begin to be your equals, they will be your superiors." Men like San Francisco Plumber Dick Burke say that "if women want to be equal, let 'em; if they want to be plumbers, let 'em. But when they get out on a job, they're gonna have to lift 200 lbs. of pipe like any other plumb-

er." The basic idea of job equality gets an approving nod from Andy Anderson, 42, a publicist for Southern Pacific Railway Co. in San Francisco, but he thinks, "Those radicals are going too far. Let's face it: there are undoubtedly some women who want to castrate us." Los Angeles Adman Bob Kuhn says: "Women are jeopardizing all the gains they have made, and I also feel they are throwing away much of their mystique." Still more outspoken is Male Chauvinist of the Week Hugh E. Geyer, a Morristown, N.J., executive: "They've got nothing to do all day—just push this button and push that button. What the hell does a healthy woman do all day besides rush home at 5 o'clock and give the old bastard a beer? I just can't stomach the laziness of women." Margaret Mead, though in sympathy with most of the movement's aims, offers a caution: "Women's Liberation has to be terribly conscious about the danger of provoking men to kill women. You have quite literally driven them mad."

The Delectable Whistle

If many men are hostile—though scarcely to the point of murder—some women are simply puzzled. "I don't know what those women are thinking of," says Posey Carpenter, a Los Angeles real estate broker. "I love the idea of looking delectable and having men whistle at me." Other women, offended by this week's national protest, are setting up counter-demonstration organizations. Mrs. Helen Andelin of Santa Barbara—a mother of eight—urges that Sept. 30 be made a National Celebration of Womanhood Day: each wife

THE BETTMAN ARCHIVE



SUFFRAGETTE FLAG BEARER (C. 1910)
Rock the cradle, rock the boat.

should wear her most frilly, feminine dress and should "sing before breakfast," serve her husband breakfast in bed and "tell him how great he is." Still more improbable is New York's Pussycat League, Inc., which believes "the lamb chop is mightier than the karate chop." Its perfectly appropriate slogan is "Purr, Baby, Purr."

Poet Phyllis McGinley, though she feels that "women are certainly as bright, if not brighter than men," and are biologically tougher into the bargain, has her doubts about the radical fringe of the movement. In a poem from her collection, *Times Three*, she sums up her feelings this way:

*Snugly upon the equal heights
Enthroned at last where she belongs,
She takes no pleasure in her Rights
Who so enjoyed her Wrongs.*

Black women, so often engaged in the general struggle for sociological change, are largely absent from the ranks

of Women's Liberation. Anne Osborne, who works for the Southern Christian Leadership Council in Atlanta, explains their reluctance to participate this way: "They're just beginning to get the kind of good treatment as women that white women have always had—they don't want to give it up too fast. Black men have just gotten enough money to take them to nice places, and women like it." Elizabeth Morgan, a supervisor for the Oakland-Berkeley Welfare Department, adds that some of "the symbols of the women's movement are too foreign for blacks to take on . . . We just got out of jeans." Sexual oppression, to Mrs. Morgan at least, is less important to the black woman than racial oppression. "She knows," Mrs. Morgan says, "that in order to get over racial oppression, she's going to have to build up her man's ego—so she'll go on saying the problem is with the whites. She'll put herself down while breaking her back for her man."

Civil rights for women is an old cause being revived with a special kind of vehemence in an age of generalized protest and turmoil that questions nearly all established institutions and many traditional values. The prospect of the hand that rocks the cradle also rocking the boat can be frightening. But it is also freighted, as the best of the radicals insist, with a potential for enormous good for both sexes. As Kate Millet says: "We really don't have many fatuous hopes of taking over. We would like, very much, a fair shake. We are each half of a person, we are each less than we could be. If we did not have these rigid sexual roles, we would all have so much more room for spontaneous behavior—for doing things that we feel like doing, for following our own instincts, for being imaginative, for being creative. The great thing about it all is that we could not only change this, but in the process, really improve everything else as well."

An Unchauvinist Male Replies

Social Anthropologist Lionel Tiger, 43, has been ridiculed in *Women's Liberation* publications for his theories on the reasons for male political domination. The author of *Men in Groups*, a professor at Rutgers and married, with one child, Tiger last week discussed Sexual Politics with TIME Correspondent Ruth Mehrtens Galvin. Among his observations on Author Kate Millet and her theses:

FOR a start, virtually all the goals that women have are perfectly justified, legitimate and desirable. One can only support them in every way. The problem, as I see it, is the analysis that they make of why things go wrong, of why there are these disadvantages. Millet tries to say that the males dominate females because they dominate females. This is her evidence of patriarchy and it therefore should be removed. It is a very peculiar way of reasoning, if all societies, everywhere, exhibit the same characteristics of male dominance.

Millet has raised, more directly than anyone else, some of the critical problems of biological reality that we're going to be facing. Questions are being asked about what kind of animals we are. The hunting history, for example, is now fairly clear: we evolved as a hunter. We spent 99% of our time as hunters; we've been hunters until very, very recently. It's not just a question of changing a few employment practices and a few attitudes of males and females toward each other. It's far deeper than that.

The argument ultimately turns on whether one thinks that there are any differences between males and females that



LIONEL TIGER

can be inherited. Clearly Millet thinks that there aren't. I think there are, and if we want to deal with this basic problem, we have to deal with it in terms of what it is, not in terms of our abuse of the system. We get some kind of genetic inheritance, we get all these chromosomes, we get a life-cycle. Those biological givens influence and shape a deep structure of behavior. Millet is talking about the very deepest structure of all without realizing that she is. She's talking about the breeding system: any animal's central problem is how to reproduce, to survive enough to reproduce. Unless you're talking about that, you're talking about something that's trivial.

Women's Liberation is very much a minority movement. It's evangelical. It's a movement that makes people feel good, and there will be a lot of people reading these books who won't do a thing to change the conditions of their lives; still, they like reading about rev-

olution. In one sense it constitutes a kind of pornography: it's a fantasy about the different ordering of things without individuals really doing anything about the ordering.

There's something that again the feminists are going to have to cope with—that males are much more fragile sexually. It's often difficult for males to perform sexually if they don't feel that the mood is just right. One of the problems here may be that primates physically have intercourse with females that they can dominate. It may just be that the phenomenon of sexual encounter depends on a sexual politic. And that without this politic, in the way it has been contrived for several million years, there may not be any sexual encounter.

Males are very fragile. They can only operate in very fantasy structures—like the Pentagon and like the U.S. Government—with seals and all the wings and eagles. They have this fantastic panoply that males create. Males are always in drag, in a sense, even if they're in the Pentagon, always constantly elaborating these highly mythical structures. The thing the females do, of course, is break them, which is why it's a very desirable thing, often, to have females in the structure to laugh at the funny men in their Shriners' costumes.

My whole argument about the feminist movement is that the women start from exactly the wrong point of view. Rather than starting from the notion that males and females are the same, they should start from the notion that they are different, and that they have different life experiences. Then you might actually get somewhere. This would mean that you have a career structure for women that is different from the one for males, and thus women would be discriminated *for*. I'm all in favor of discriminating *for* females.

WHAT IT WOULD BE LIKE IF WOMEN WIN

Seldom do utopias pass from dream to reality, but it is often an illuminating exercise to predict what could happen if they did. The following very personal and partisan speculations on how the world might be different if Women's Lib had its way were written for

ANY change is fearful, especially one affecting both politics and sex roles, so let me begin these utopian speculations with a fact. To break the ice.

Women don't want to exchange places with men. Male chauvinists, science-fiction writers and comedians may favor that idea for its shock value, but psychologists say it is a fantasy based on ruling-class ego and guilt. Men assume that women want to imitate them, which is just what white people assumed about blacks. An assumption so strong that it may convince the second-class group of the need to imitate, but for both women and blacks that stage has passed. Guilt produces the question: What if they could treat us as we have treated them?

That is not our goal. But we do want to change the economic system to one more based on merit. In Women's Lib Utopia, there will be free access to good jobs—and decent pay for the bad ones women have been performing all along, including housework. Increased skilled labor might lead to a four-hour workday, and higher wages would encourage further mechanization of repetitive jobs now kept alive by cheap labor.

With women as half the country's elected representatives, and a woman President once in a while, the country's *machismo* problems would be greatly reduced. The old-fashioned idea that manhood depends on violence and victory is, after all, an important part of our troubles in the streets, and in Viet Nam. I'm not saying that women leaders would eliminate violence. We are not more moral than men; we are only uncorrupted by power so far. When we do acquire power, we might turn out to have an equal impulse toward aggression. Even now, Margaret Mead believes that women fight less often but more fiercely than men, because women are not taught the rules of the war game and fight only when cornered. But for the next 50 years or so, women in politics will be very valuable by tempering the idea of manhood into something less aggressive and better suited to this crowded, post-atomic planet. Consumer protection and children's rights, for instance, might get more legislative attention.

Men will have to give up ruling-class privileges, but in return they will no longer be the only ones to support the family, get drafted, bear the strain of power and responsibility. Freud to the contrary, anatomy is not destiny, at least not for more than nine months at a time. In Israel, women are drafted, and some have gone to war. In England, more men type and run switchboards. In India and Israel, a woman rules. In Sweden, both parents take care of the children. In this country, come Utopia, men and women won't reverse roles; they will be free to choose according to individual talents and preferences.

If role reform sounds sexually unsettling, think how it will change the sexual hypocrisy we have now. No more sex arranged on the barter system, with women pretending interest, and men never sure whether they are loved for themselves or for the security few women can get any other way. (Married or not, for sexual reasons or social ones, most women still find it second nature to Uncle-Tom.) No more men who are encouraged to spend a lifetime living with inferiors; with housekeepers, or dependent creatures

TIME by Gloria Steinem, a contributing editor of New York magazine, whose journalistic curiosity ranges from show business to Democratic politics. Miss Steinem admits to being not only a critical observer but a concerned advocate of the feminist revolt.

JILL KREMENTZ



GLORIA STEINEM

who are still children. No more domineering wives, emasculating women, and "Jewish mothers," all of whom are simply human beings with all their normal ambition and drive confined to the home. No more unequal partnerships that eventually doom love and sex.

In order to produce that kind of confidence and individuality, child rearing will train according to talent. Little girls will no longer be surrounded by air-tight, self-fulfilling prophecies of natural passivity, lack of ambition and objectivity, inability to exercise power, and dexterity (so long as special aptitude for jobs requiring patience and dexterity is confined to poorly paid jobs; brain surgery is for males).

Schools and universities will help to break down traditional sex roles, even when parents will not. Half the teachers will be men, a rarity now at preschool and elementary levels; girls will not necessarily serve cookies or boys hoist up the flag. Athletic teams will be picked only by strength and skill. Sexually segregated courses like auto mechanics and home economics will be taken by boys and girls together. New courses in sexual politics will explore female subjugation as the model for political oppression, and women's history will be an academic staple, along with black history, at least until the white-male-oriented textbooks are integrated and rewritten.

As for the American child's classic problem—too much mother, too little father—that would be cured by an equalization of parental responsibility. Free nurseries, school lunches, family cafeterias built into every housing complex, service companies that will do household cleaning chores in a regular, businesslike way, and more responsibility by the entire community for the children: all these will make it possible for both mother and father to work, and to have equal leisure time with the children at home. For parents of very young children, however, a special job category, created by Government and unions, would allow such parents a shorter work day.

The revolution would not take away the option of being a housewife. A woman who prefers to be her husband's housekeeper and/or hostess would receive a percentage of his pay determined by the domestic relations courts. If divorced, she might be eligible for a pension fund, and for a job-training allowance. Or a divorce could be treated the same way that the dissolution of a business partnership is now.

If these proposals seem farfetched, consider Sweden, where most of them are already in effect. Sweden is not yet a working Women's Lib model; most of the role-reform programs began less than a decade ago, and are just beginning to take hold. But that country is so far ahead of us in recognizing the problem that Swedish statements on sex and equality sound like bulletins from the moon.

Our marriage laws, for instance, are so reactionary that Women's Lib groups want couples to take a compulsory written exam on the law, as for a driver's license, before going through with the wedding. A man has alimony and wifely debts to worry about, but a woman may lose so many of her civil rights that in the U.S. now, in important legal ways, she becomes a child again. In some states, she cannot

*Next picnic, why not
do the unexpected?*



*Surprise
people*

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You can't take
the country
out of Salem



TIME ESSAY

sign credit agreements, use her maiden name, incorporate a business, or establish a legal residence of her own. Being a wife, according to most social and legal definitions, is still a 19th century thing.

Assuming, however, that these blatantly sexist laws are abolished or reformed, that job discrimination is forbidden, that parents share financial responsibility for each other and the children, and that sexual relationships become partnerships of equal adults (some pretty big assumptions), then marriage will probably go right on. Men and women are, after all, physically complementary. When society stops encouraging men to be exploiters and women to be parasites, they may turn out to be more complementary in emotion as well. Women's Lib is not trying to destroy the American family. A look at the statistics on divorce—plus the way in which old people are farmed out with strangers and young people flee the home—shows the destruction that has already been done. Liberated women are just trying to point out the disaster, and build compassionate and practical alternatives from the ruins.

What will exist is a variety of alternative life-styles. Since the population explosion dictates that childbearing be kept to a minimum, parents-and-children will be only one of many "families": couples, age groups, working groups, mixed communes, blood-related clans, class groups, creative groups. Single women will have the right to stay single without ridicule, without the attitudes now betrayed by "spinster" and "bachelor." Lesbians or homosexuals will no longer be denied legally binding marriages, complete with mutual-support agreements and inheritance rights. Paradoxically, the number of homosexuals may get smaller. With fewer overpossessive mothers and fewer fathers who hold up an impossible or perfectionist idea of manhood, boys will be less likely to be denied or reject their identity as males.

Changes that now seem small may get bigger:

MEN'S LIB. Men now suffer from more diseases due to stress, heart attacks, ulcers, a higher suicide rate, greater difficulty living alone, less adaptability to change and, in general, a shorter life span than women. There is some scientific evidence that what produces physical problems is not work itself, but the inability to choose which work, and how much. With women bearing half the financial responsibility, and with the idea of "masculine" jobs gone, men might well feel freer and live longer.

RELIGION. Protestant women are already becoming ordained ministers; radical nuns are carrying out liturgical functions that were once the exclusive property of priests; Jewish women are rewriting prayers—particularly those that Orthodox Jews recite every morning thanking God they are not female. In the future, the church will become an area of equal participation by women. This means, of course, that organized religion will have to give up one of its great historical weapons: sexual repression. In most structured faiths, from Hinduism through Roman Catholicism, the status of women went down as the position of priests ascended. Male clergy implied, if they did not teach, that women were unclean, unworthy and source-

es of ungodly temptation, in order to remove them as rivals for the emotional forces of men. Full participation of women in ecclesiastical life might involve certain changes in theology, such as, for instance, a radical redefinition of sin.

LITERARY PROBLEMS. Revised sex roles will outdate more children's books than civil rights ever did. Only a few children had the problem of a *Little Black Sambo*, but most have the male-female stereotypes of "Dick and Jane." A boomlet of children's books about mothers who work has already begun, and liberated parents and editors are beginning to pressure for change in the textbook industry. Fiction writing will change more gradually, but romantic novels with loving heroines and swashbuckling heroes will be reduced to historical value. Or perhaps to the sado-masochist trade. (*Marjorie Morningstar*, a romantic novel that took the '50s by storm, has already begun to seem as unreal as its '20s predecessor, *The Sheik*.) As for the literary plots that turn on forced marriages or horrific abortions, they will seem as dated as Prohibition stories. Free legal abortions and free birth control will force writers to give up pregnancy as the *deus ex machina*.

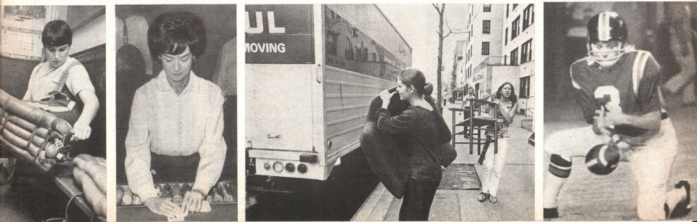
MANNERS AND FASHION. Dress will be more androgynous, with class symbols becoming more important than sexual ones. Pro- or anti-Establishment styles may already be more vital than who is wearing them. Hardhats are just as likely to rough up antiwar girls as antiwar men in the street, and police understand that women are just as likely to be pushers or bombers. Dances haven't required that one partner lead the other for years, anyway. Chivalry will transfer itself to those who need it, or deserve respect: old people, admired people, anyone with an armload of packages. Women with normal work identities will be less likely to attach their whole sense of self to youth and appearance; thus there will be fewer nervous breakdowns when the first wrinkles appear. Lighting cigarettes and other treasured niceties will become gestures of mutual affection. "I like to be helped on with my coat," says one Women's Lib worker, "but not if it costs me \$2,000 a year in salary."

For those with nostalgia for a simpler past, here is a word of comfort. Anthropologist Geoffrey Gorer studied the few peaceful human tribes and discovered one common characteristic: sex roles were not polarized. Differences of dress and occupation were at a minimum. Society, in other words, was not using sexual blackmail as a way of getting women to do cheap labor, or men to be aggressive.

Thus Women's Lib may achieve a more peaceful society on the way toward its other goals. That is why the Swedish government considers reform to bring about greater equality in the sex roles one of its most important concerns. As Prime Minister Olof Palme explained in a widely ignored speech delivered in Washington this spring: "It is *human beings* we shall enancipate. In Sweden today, if a politician should declare that the woman ought to have a different role from man's, he would be regarded as something from the Stone Age." In other words, the most radical goal of the movement is egalitarianism.

If Women's Lib wins, perhaps we all do.

New directions for women: a hockey goalie, Las Vegas' first female blackjack dealer, a group of Manhattan furniture movers who call themselves the Mother Truckers, and a professional football player.



THE WORLD

Middle East: Toward the Start of Talks

GUNNAR JARRING, who is known as "the Silent Swede," suddenly found himself cornered one day last week by a group of reporters near his office on the 38th floor of the United Nations Secretariat building in Manhattan. Pelted with questions about the Arab-Israeli discussions that he has been summoned to conduct on behalf of U.N. Secretary-General U Thant, the Swedish diplomat recited an aphorism in Hindi, one of a dozen languages that he knows. Then he translated it: "All is all right." With customary caution, Jarring immediately added, "I mean that only personally."

The situation was beginning to improve professionally, too. To be sure, the Israeli-Egyptian cease-fire remained as tenuous as ever, and Israel continued to accuse the Egyptians of violating the agreement that barred the introduction of new weapons into the 32-mile-wide strip along either side of the Suez. But the truce was more than two weeks old, and it had not been seriously broken by gunfire along the canal. Even more important, both Israel and Egypt quietly began to formulate their bargaining positions. Unless an unforeseen hitch developed, both Israel and Egypt expected the talks to begin this week.

American Promises. Israel broke the log jam by notifying Jarring that it was ready to compromise on the formal details of the talks. Originally, the government of Premier Golda Meir favored holding ministerial-level discussions somewhere close to the Middle East, perhaps on Cyprus; the Egyptians wanted the representatives to be of ambassadorial rank and the site to be New York. Israel finally agreed to New York meetings and said that the preliminary sessions could be handled by ambassadors. As its part of the bargain, the Israeli Cabinet was expected to nominate U.N. Ambassador Yosef Tekoah as its

representative. But when the talks reach substantive issues, the negotiating rank probably will be upgraded to the ministerial level. By then, the foreign ministers of the countries involved are scheduled to be in New York attending the U.N. General Assembly, which convenes Sept. 15.

Israel's decision to compromise on negotiation arrangements eased growing tension between Washington and Jerusalem. Fearful of losing the Soviet-Egyptian support that made the cease-fire possible, U.S. diplomats complained that Israel protested far too loudly about the alleged truce violations. Israel became anxious that the U.S. was hedging on its promise to maintain Israeli military superiority in the Middle East. The Israelis took particular offense at Secretary of Defense Melvin Laird's remark that the U.S. possessed better intelligence than Israel.

The State Department, in an announcement that a U.S. official said had been drafted "with greater care than the Bible's chapter on the Creation," did much to soothe Israeli feeling. The U.S. statement conceded the possibility that an Egyptian violation had occurred, while insisting that the evidence was not conclusive. More important, the U.S. made "very specific" promises to Israel that Washington would not allow it to suffer militarily as a result of the cease-fire; in fact, the U.S. has already sent some new electronic anti-missile gear to the Israeli air force. Israel got in one last psychological lick by making public its intelligence photos of the alleged violations (see box opposite). But Golda Meir also decided to pay heed to the U.S. pronouncement that "the main thing now is to concentrate all efforts on getting discussions going."

In contrast to the canal, sporadic fighting continued on other Israel-Arab fronts, where there was still no cease-

fire in effect. Israeli farm settlements in the Jordan valley were under almost nightly Katyusha rocket attack, and fedayeen commandos killed two soldiers in an army outpost on the Lebanese border. Israel sent bombers against fedayeen positions on the foothills of Mount Hermon and in Jordan. It also dispatched troops on a short foray into southern Lebanon, where the raiders blew up three houses suspected of serving as fedayeen bases.

Possible Offers. Under the terms of the truce agreement, the Jarring talks will be indirect negotiations, each side meeting separately with the U.N. diplomat. His job will be to receive both Arab and Israeli delegations and to explain each one's position to the other. One item of early business is certain to be an exchange of prisoners. Israel is eager to secure the return of its 16 Nationals held as prisoners of war (twelve by Egypt, three by Syria and one by Al-Fatah in Jordan). Israel is holding 119 Arabs, including two prominent Algerians taken last week from an international jetliner during a stopover at Tel Aviv's airport.

When they turn to the major issues, negotiators from each side will probably spend many hours trying to pin down the other side's concept of a final settlement. For the Israelis, this means determining whether the Arabs will listen to discussions aimed toward formal recognition and secure borders for Israel, or whether they would agree only to a more vague armistice. For the Arabs, it means ferreting out how much occupied territory Israel is willing to return.

Neither side has yet drafted any formal proposals. Nonetheless, each is actively debating various possibilities. In return for a formal peace treaty that will guarantee Israel's security against renewed Arab attacks, the Israelis are se-

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ISRAEL'S TEKOA



U.N.'S JARRING

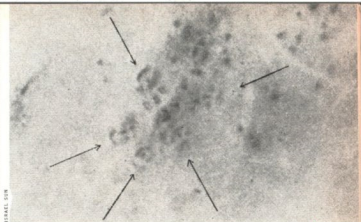


EGYPT'S EL-ZAYAT





BEFORE



AFTER

Watch on the Suez: Intelligence Gaps

IN a crowded briefing room in Tel Aviv, a lean Israeli colonel last week presented to the world what Israel considers proof of a major Egyptian cease-fire violation. The colonel's evidence came in the form of a series of large, fuzzy aerial photographs. To the untrained eye, the photos looked like little more than a jumble of black scratches and splotches on the desert sand. But to the Israeli military command, the pictures demonstrated that the Soviets and Egyptians had violated the truce as soon as it began at 1 a.m. on Aug. 8 by continuing to move SAM-2 antiaircraft missiles into the cease-fire zone. The photos were poor in quality, and had no reference as to when or where they were taken. "I admit you'll have to rely on my word of honor that the dates of the pictures are correct," said the colonel, who is an aide on the Israeli general staff.

The evidence was frankly not good enough for the U.S. intelligence community, which had been shown the pictures the week before. The resulting dispute stemmed in part from the substantial differences in the ways the U.S. and Israel gather and evaluate their intelligence. To monitor the Suez Canal front, the Israelis rely chiefly on high-speed passes by camera-carrying Phantoms during the daytime. At night, the mainstay of Israeli intelligence is a chain of electronic listening posts in the Sinai hills near the canal. But both these methods have glaring weaknesses: the Phantom pictures are often blurred, and the electronic sensors, which monitor Egyptian and Soviet radar and radio transmissions, frequently pick up ambiguous signals that are difficult to interpret. Furthermore, the Israeli listening devices can easily be spoofed by Egyptian and Soviet countermeasures.

The U.S. intelligence effort is considerably more sophisticated. Yet last week's flap uncovered some amazing faults. One reason that the U.S. was unable to refute or substantiate the Israeli claims was simply its tardiness in getting off the mark. Although the truce went into effect on Aug. 8, the U.S. was unable to get its U-2 reconnaissance planes over Suez until noon on Aug. 9. Then the pilot of the first U-2 botched the job, allowing the brilliant sunlight to get in the camera and render his photos useless. Thus the first worthwhile flight was not made until Monday, almost three days after the cease-fire began.

U.S. intelligence experts had urged the start of flights as early as ten days before the cease-fire, but disagreements over what aircraft to use and negotiations to secure the permission of allied governments in the area delayed them. British, Spanish and Turkish diplomats called to the State Department agreed that the U-2 would be a valuable peace-keeping device. But back in their capitals, the bureaucracies hemmed and hawed.

Another day was lost when Israeli Defense Minister Moshe Dayan, aware that his enemy was moving missiles toward the canal, unexpectedly called for the truce to start 24 hours earlier than scheduled, hoping to stop the missiles in their tracks. The upshot was that at the crucial moment when the truce began, the U.S. had no immediate "before

and after" shots to test the veracity of the Israeli claims that the Egyptians had deployed SAMs at six to 15 sites in the cease-fire zone after the truce went into effect.

There were additional misunderstandings between the U.S. and Israel. After the violations had been charged, both sides were puzzled over why the U.S. before the cease-fire had counted about ten more missile sites than the Israelis had. Finally, someone realized that the U.S. was measuring the 32-mile depth of the Egyptian cease-fire zone from the western bank of the Suez Canal, whereas the Israelis were starting at the shipping channel in the center. In the area of the Great Bitter Lake, it made a difference of several miles and accounted for the disparity in the findings.

Further friction developed over the unwillingness of the U.S. to accept the Israelis' interpretation of their electronic evidence. Since most of the Egyptian activity took place in darkness, the Israelis could rely only on electronic monitoring devices. As far as the Americans were concerned, all the tapes showed was that there had been a flurry of activity, but not that missiles were being installed.

The flap also revealed the limits of the U.S.'s famed "spy-in-the-sky" satellite system. Until the old-fashioned U-2s were pressed into service, the U.S.'s only reconnaissance over Suez was by the Samos satellite. Many Americans have reassuringly assumed that Samos satellites are constantly aloft, their cameras, radar and heat-seeking infra-red sensors trained on potential trouble spots below. Unfortunately, the cease-fire episode jarred that reassuring concept.

The Samos satellites are useful in providing wondrously explicit photos of fixed installations; the U.S. can keep close track of the construction of large underground silos for Soviet ICBMs. But the Samos is not useful in keeping tab on swift battlefield movements. For one thing, there are too few of the satellites (the exact count is a secret), so that Samos makes less than one pass per day over Suez. Thus the pictures fail to show the sequence of events that is sometimes essential in analyzing the true nature of suspicious ground activities.

Furthermore, while Samos does transmit some information to ground stations, it is not easy to get photos from the satellite quickly. At a signal from a ground-command center, Samos ejects capsules of films, which descend by parachute. They are retrieved in the air by two U.S. aircraft, which catch the capsules in a sling that they drag between them.

In addition, Samos must be brought back to earth every two weeks to reload its camera. Thus there have been times when the U.S. had no spy-in-the-sky at all. Last week a further disquieting note was added when a Government scientist stated that the Russians were testing an anti-satellite satellite that can blow a spy-in-the-sky to bits.

Although the U-2s fly at least ten kilometers on the Israeli side of the canal, the Egyptian daily *Al-Ahram* accused the U.S. of "spying under the guise of supervising the cease-fire." But the U.S. is unlikely to desist. American intelligence experts do not want to be put again in the position of not having their own data.

riously considering large territorial settlements. If the areas involved were demilitarized, they might return almost all the Sinai Peninsula to Egypt, give back much of the Golan Heights to Syria, create a Palestinian state on the Israeli-occupied West Bank and in the Gaza Strip, and establish Jerusalem as a jointly managed united city in which Arab residents would administer their own municipal affairs. But if the Arabs are not willing to bargain on a final peaceful settlement, Israel's offer will likely be far less liberal in giving up occupied areas (see map).

Palestinian State. Of course not even Israel's most conciliatory plan would be acceptable to many Arabs. Arab moderates, however, are inclined to agree with Israel's most liberal suggestions for Jerusalem and Gaza, but even the moderates would insist on a U.N. or four-power military presence in those areas, like the strip of land from Eilat to Sharm el Sheikh, that Israel would like to patrol by itself.

The notion of the creation of a Palestinian state on the West Bank, which could serve as a home for the Palestinian refugees, has lately drawn particular interest from some Arabs. In recent weeks, King Hussein has reportedly held private meetings with West Bank politicians who came from the occupied area to talk with him. Many of them, weary of their long and losing struggle against Israel, were said to

have reacted favorably to the idea of founding a demilitarized Arab state.

In Cairo, President Gamal Abdel Nasser last week held a strategy session with King Hussein, whose retinue included an important possible mediator for the Arabs' own internal quarrels. He is former Jordanian Prime Minister Suleiman Nabulsi, a Palestinian moderate who is a confidant of both Hussein and the fedayeen commando groups based in Jordan. Nabulsi is believed to have ambitions of becoming leader of a Palestinian state that might result from a Middle East settlement. But it is extremely unlikely that he could persuade the more violent element of the guerrillas, led by Dr. George Habash's Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine, to accept a compromise of peaceful coexistence with Israel. Still, the fate of the Palestinian refugees, who now number some 1,250,000, lies at the very center of the Middle East dilemma.

At week's end the good will necessary for productive talks was still painfully scarce. The U.S. was evaluating new intelligence from its own monitors indicating that recent violations had occurred on the Egyptian side. If verified, the violations could lead to a new round of charges and countercharges—and new delays in the talks. For the moment, the U.S. was hopeful that the Israelis and Arabs would not let their differences prevent the start of the bargaining process.

African Women: From Old Magic To New Power

NAKED woman, black woman, clothed with your color which is life, with your form which is beauty... Your solemn contralto voice is the spiritual song of the beloved." So wrote Senegal's Poet-President Leopold Senghor. A beautiful Ghanaian playwright and teacher, Efua Sutherland, recently tried to describe another aspect of the African woman's traditional role. "She is a goddess because she founds society. Her breasts are more of a motherly symbol than a sexual one. She is the power behind man." Mrs. Sutherland carefully recited the words of English Explorer Mary Kingsley, who once wrote: "The old woman you may see crouching behind the chief, or whom you may not see at all but who is with him all the same, is saying, 'Do not listen to the white men, it is bad for you.'" Added Mrs. Sutherland: "That is our secret. We are divine."

Against the mythical concept of the African woman as a spiritual force is the harsh truth that millions of women in Black Africa still endure purely tribal lives of childbearing, drudgery and subjugation. From Dakar to Dar es Salaam, they can be seen, like beasts of burden, carrying enormous loads of food and firewood on their shoulders and heads. But it is also true that in the decade of social upheaval that has come with political independence, African women have begun to leave the villages and the townships to step quite suddenly, with hardly a flicker of their ebony eyes, into the modern world.

Kenya's Eliza. In a massive rejection of traditional roles and values that might be called the African counterpart of the Women's Liberation movement, hundreds of thousands of African girls have left their villages to go to school, and have never returned. In the Ivory Coast, seven times as many women as men are moving to the cities. Some join the growing student population; 40% of Kenya's secondary school pupils and 10% of its students overseas today are women. Others manage to find jobs as shopgirls, typists and clerks. In Monrovia, Liberia, women drive cabs. In the Congo they serve as paratroopers, and in Nigeria as police officers.

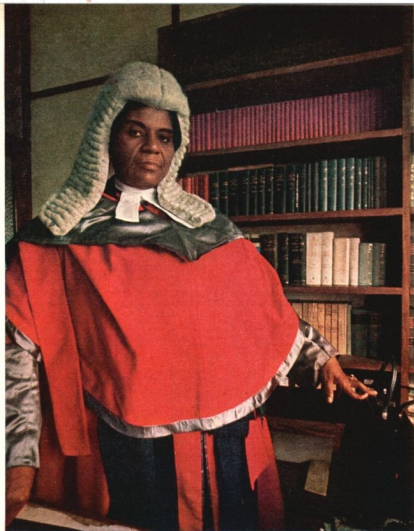
At the time of independence, crash courses were held in many African capitals to teach the wives of government officials the niceties of Western manners. The handsome Ngina Kenyatta, fourth wife of Kenya's President Jomo Kenyatta, 79, is an African answer to Eliza Doolittle. She is said to have spent a year being coached by British instructors in deportment, table manners, fashion, ballroom dancing and public speaking before emerging as "Mama





Senegalese Dancer Issa Teuw Niang, 31, resplendent in a dark maroon *boubou*, promenades with friends in Dakar. She

toured Europe and the U.S. with Guinea's Ballet Africain. Currently she is a star dancer with Senegal's National Theater.



Ghana's Supreme Court Judge Annie Jiagge (left) is one of Africa's highest-ranking women. She headed the commission that probed Nkrumah-era corruption.

Many African women still squat bare-breasted in front of cooking fires. But others (see right and following page) have attained important positions in Black Africa's professions, arts, sciences and government.

A suburban housewife, Janet Young (right) does her shopping in a Nairobi supermarket. Born in West Africa, she is the wife of a lecturer at Nairobi's University College.

Sierra Leone's Mme. Honoria Bailor Caulker (below), paramount chief of Shenge district, toured the U.S. in 1963 when she was a member of her country's U.N. delegation.





Liberia's Angie Brooks, U.N. General Assembly president.



Kenya M.P. Grace Onyango.



Ghana's Effua Sutherland.



Senegalese Nurse Fatou Sy.



Ghana Student Misonu Amu.



Biologist Letitia Obeng, head of Ghana's Marine Science Institute, at a lagoon near Accra.



Actress Younouss N'Diaye, here before a TV camera, starred in the Senegalese film *Le Mandat*.



Congolese woman paratrooper, aided by a male army officer, prepares for a practice jump.

Ngina," the poised and gracious First Lady.

African women on the move have many other examples of female success at which to point. Angie Brooks of Liberia has served for the past year as president of the United Nations General Assembly. Annie Jiagge was Ghana's first woman lawyer, judge and finally Supreme Court justice. She headed an investigation into the corruption of the Nkrumah era that has been hailed a landmark in African political reform and justice. Sophie Lihau-Kanza is one of the four chief ministers in President Joseph Mobutu's Congolese government; and Mrs. Olyn Williams, Sierra Leone's first female Permanent Secretary, is a champion of the cause of women in politics. "Men in government spend most of their time stealing," she snaps. "That's why nothing gets done."

Letitia Obeng, a biologist, is director of Ghana's Marine Science Institute. Jacqueline Ki-Zerbo of Upper Volta is the head of a teacher-training school in a traditional Moslem society, where women are supposed to know their place. "Some accept me," she says, "and some do not. But I laugh at them. Men should help women develop."

Pink Bath Salts. While the new African woman is out to change her society, other women have risen to prominence in the traditional power structure. One of the best known of these is Honoria Bailer Caulker of Sierra Leone, who in 1961 was elected paramount chief of the Shenge district (pop. 25,000). A Junoesque woman who stands 6 ft. 1 in., Madame Honoria enjoys such baubles as a white Mercedes, an open palanquin in which she is carried by her subjects, a golden mace presented to her chieftaincy by Queen Victoria, and an elaborate bathroom in which everything from bidet to bath salts is pink. She is accompanied on her official rounds by an official elephant-horn player, who blows great blasts to announce her arrival and departure. She conducts her tribal court with dispatch and dignity. At a recent session, she quickly settled the case of a man who was accused of beating his wife because the woman did not want him to marry her sister. As both husband and wife wailed, Madame Honoria briskly dismissed the man with a warning and told the woman to accept the sister as her husband's second wife. "At least," said Honoria, "it's someone you know."

For sheer power and wealth, few African males can match the market mammy, that gigantic woman of commerce who controls much of the transport and the trade in textiles, food and hardware in both Nigeria and Ghana. In Lagos, bankers tell of one hefty woman who cannot write her own name, but can get a \$560,000 letter of credit whenever she needs one. In Accra, the mammys have been wooed and feared by politicians since independence, and no government has managed to tax them

effectively. "They can't read or write," says one Ghanaian journalist, "but they can damn well count."

In the years since independence, African women have discovered that although they have gained the right to vote and to seek positions of leadership, the rigid customs and dictates of their tribal societies have not kept pace with the times. The nomadic Turkana women of East Africa still perfume their bodies over fires of scented wood. The Hausa wives of northern Nigeria still amass huge fortunes in the form of thousands upon thousands of Japanese-made enamel bowls, which they cram into their huts, causing at least one Hausa husband to complain bitterly: "I don't even have enough room to pray."

"The main stumbling block for women in Africa," says a Ghanaian professor, "is the adaptation of customary

Council in Ghana has tried to set the fee at a modest and uniform \$35, but many parents feel this is much too low for their family's pride and their daughter's honor.

Black Europeans. Most controversial of all is the widespread practice of polygamy, which most of the young women of the cities vehemently oppose. "If my husband took another wife, I would hum him to death," says one Nairobi university graduate. "But anyway, he wouldn't." A surprising number of educated women seem to disagree. Reasons Grace Onyango, Kenya's first African woman to be elected to Parliament: "If a man can handle 15 wives at one time, he can probably lead a nation." In any case, few African males favor abolishing the practice. As a Kenyan chauffeur puts it: "A man with one wife is like a man with one eye."

The emergence of African women has caused little discernible reaction among African men, although the males often discuss the relative merits of traditional girls and modern girls as wives. Joseph Oduho, a Southern Sudanese rebel-organization official, recently married an educated woman after his tribal wife died. He says: "My former wife couldn't read or write. She spent her time in the kitchen with the children. She would choose a new wife for me, and she knew how to cure me if I was sick. I could lie to her, and it didn't matter. She was simple, but she understood me. My new wife is a college graduate. She won't let me have another wife. I can't lie to her because she knows when I'm lying, and she is not afraid to tell me so. Part of her life is her own. My old wife devoted her entire life to me."

The women caught at the vortex of a changing continent have naturally experienced a certain confusion about their identity. The extensive sale of hair straighteners, skin-lightening creams and \$20 wigs bears witness to this fact. Many would undoubtedly like to emulate the handful of women who have attained the sophistication that marks them as black Frenchwomen and black Englishwomen. One woman of such apparent glamour is Younouss N'Diaye, a sensuous actress and painter who lived in France for five years before returning to Dakar, where she appears on television and has starred in a Senegalese motion picture, *Le Mandat*.

Another is Janet Young, an ebullient West African who studied drama in London, traveled with her husband to the U.S., and now lives in Nairobi. Her husband teaches at University College, and she leads a busy suburban existence raising two children, learning Swahili and starting a drama group. "I've lived in England, where it is too cold," says Mrs. Young, "and in America, where it is too different. I know that I belong in Africa." The dilemma for most young women of the new Africa is that they have neither the means to live like Mrs. Young nor the wish to return to the tribal world they have left behind.



KENYA'S NGINA KENYATTA
Divine is the secret.

law to modern society. The tension is over how and why old customs should be obeyed. Many tribes still practice clitoridectomy, or female circumcision, as part of the initiation into adulthood. A few tribes stitch together the labia of girls at puberty and unstitch them only after marriage. Tribal inheritance systems can leave a wife with little or nothing when her husband dies. A bride price ranging from about \$40 to as much as \$4,000 is still exacted from a prospective bridegroom by the bride's father, but the custom is slowly declining. Tanzania's new marriage code will permit a young man to pay the bride price after the wedding on the installment plan. The Christian

CZECHOSLOVAKIA

Silent Observance

For Czechoslovaks—and for much of the world—Aug. 21 will live forever in infamy. On that day two years ago, Soviet tanks rolled into Czechoslovakia and crushed the country's promising Springtime of Freedom, which was led by Reformer Alexander Dubček. The first anniversary of that event was marked by three days of violent anti-Soviet demonstrations in Prague and a dozen other cities. Last week, on the second anniversary of the Soviet invasion, the dispirited Czechs did not bother to protest.

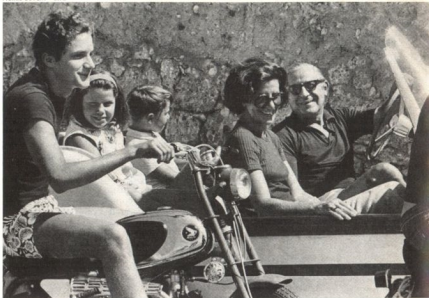
"What would it change?" shrugged a young mechanic from Kladno. In Prague, some Czechs placed flowers and candles on the grave of Jan Palach, the student who burned himself to death on Jan. 16, 1969, in protest against the invasion. The flowers and candles were removed by the authorities.

For its part, the government of Party Leader Gustav Husák declared a day of thanksgiving to the Soviet Union and the other Warsaw Pact nations for saving the country from the counter-revolutionists by their invasion. Throughout Czechoslovakia, the government called meetings to push that theme. At a parade in Karlovy Vary, celebrating the conclusion of the largest joint Soviet-Czechoslovak military maneuvers ever held, even old President Ludvík Svoboda, once an ally of Dubček's, mouthed a party slogan: "With the Soviet Union forever, and never otherwise."

Resisting the Ultras. Under the circumstances, the quiet observance of the anniversary was the wisest course for the Czechoslovaks. Though Husák is a stern hard-liner, he is nonetheless determined to prevent the country from sliding back into the reign of police terror that characterized the pre-Dubček days. The peaceful anniversary may help Husák convince the Soviets that he has the situation under control and that his program of "normalization" is almost completed. This would enable him to resist the demands of the Czechoslovak Ultras, who want a return to even stricter political controls and show trials for the liberal leaders, including Alexander Dubček, who is thought to be somewhere in Slovakia.

On the day of the anniversary, Husák was in Moscow, where he attended a summit meeting of the Warsaw Pact leaders. At the close of the five-hour conference, it was Husák who thanked the Soviets on behalf of the Warsaw Pact leaders present for calling the conference. He also hailed the renunciation-of-force treaty between West Germany and the Soviet Union, which was described in the conference communiqué as a step toward "relaxation and normalization." Since the Bonn-Moscow pact has been signed, nothing appears to stand in the way of a similar treaty between Bonn and Prague—as long as the Czechoslovaks properly conceal their enthusiasm for opening up contacts with the West.

PIERRE BOULAT—LIFE



NIARCHOS & EUGENIE WITH CHILDREN ON SPETSOPOLIA IN HAPPIER TIMES
The ending was open to question.

GREECE

The Spetsopoula Incident

Greek Shipowner Stavros Niarchos and his wife Eugenie were having late dinner in their home on the heavily wooded islet of Spetsopoula, which sits in the Aegean, 56 helicopter miles from Athens. During dinner, Niarchos placed a telephone call to Charlotte Ford in Paris. He was wed briefly to Charlotte in 1965 before returning to Eugenie, his wife of 22 years who had borne him four children. Niarchos wanted Charlotte to send their four-year-old daughter, Elena, to Spetsopoula for a visit, as she had done the year before. After some discussion, Charlotte agreed, and there is some speculation that she may have offered to bring the child herself.

Within an hour, a maid found Eugenie, deep in a coma, sprawled on her bedroom floor. An empty Seconal bottle lay near by. It was 11 p.m. on May 3. Niarchos called his sister in Athens and asked her to send a doctor employed by the Niarchos shipyards. When the doctor arrived from Athens by helicopter, it was 2 a.m. Half an hour later, Eugenie, 44, died. The doctor refused to sign a death certificate because death was not from natural causes. The police, who noted bruises on Eugenie's throat and abdomen, ordered an inquiry.

Ugly Rumors. Niarchos was told not to leave the country, and Eugenie's body was taken to Athens for an autopsy. Officials said nothing, and the Greek press was forbidden to discuss the investigation. But the Niarchos family leaked the medical examiner's report that Eugenie, who had taken 25 Seconal tablets, had died from an overdose of barbiturates. The report also supported Niarchos' contention that the bruises on

her body were caused by his efforts to revive her.

While ugly rumors still circulated in Athens tavernas, Niarchos went about his business. Earlier this summer he asked a special board of magistrates for permission to go abroad on business. After posting bond, he flew off for five days to London. As if nothing had happened, the Greek junta went ahead and ratified a \$200 million deal by which Niarchos will expand his Greek shipyards and build a new state oil refinery in return for oil-import concessions. A member of the medical team involved in the case confessed that he was "almost sure there will be a happy ending."

Bodily Injuries. Last week, however, that ending seemed somewhat in question. After a lengthy investigation, Piraeus Public Prosecutor Constantine Fafoutis formally recommended that Niarchos be charged with causing bodily injuries leading to his wife's death. The prosecutor suggested that Niarchos be tried under Article 311 of the Greek penal code, which corresponds to the Anglo-Saxon concept of involuntary homicide. Under Greek legal procedure, the prosecutor's recommendation now goes to a "penal council" composed of three magistrates, who must decide whether there is sufficient evidence to warrant bringing Niarchos to trial. If convicted under Article 311, Niarchos would face a maximum penalty of 18 years in prison.

When the prosecutor's recommendation was announced last week, Niarchos was aboard his black-hulled schooner *Creole* off the Côte d'Azur. Once again, Niarchos protested that Eugenie's death had been a simple suicide. "There is, alas, only a single sad truth," he told reporters. "All witnesses agree." Niarchos can only hope that the magistrates agree too.

SOUTH VIET NAM The Urban Trend

From the air, Saigon appears to shimmer in the midday sunshine. The light dances off mile after mile of tin-roof shacks, and reflects from the waters of serpentine rivers. On the ground, unfortunately, the city has lost its glitter. Though it remained gracious and unhurried until four or five years ago, reports TIME Correspondent Marsh Clark, Saigon now suffers from the ills that afflict modern cities—and then some. No fewer than 894,000 vehicles, ranging from Lambrettas to lumbering trucks, jam the city's streets. Their fumes engulf Saigon in a noxious blue haze that is killing the city's stately tamarind trees. Sidewalks are crowded with vendors. Alleys are scenes of chaos, as dogs, children and chickens scurry amid garbage and rubble.

Row after row of shacks are built on stilts and often are constructed from sheets of rolled beer cans. One family lives with hundreds of Miller High Life emblems as the façade of its house, while a neighbor may prefer the hues of Pabst Blue Ribbon or Budweiser. Beneath many of these dwellings flow canals whose black waters reek of raw, pungent sewage. In the shacks, which have no electricity and little furniture, adults and children sleep side by side in a single room usually measuring no more than 8 ft. by 10 ft. Even so, they are lucky. Other residents of Saigon are forced to sleep on sidewalks, under bridges, or even in unused sewer pipes.

Ahead of Hong Kong. Saigon is bursting at the seams. Swelled by wave after wave of refugees and of peasants seeking prosperity from the war boom, South Viet Nam's capital has grown by 50%, to 2.2 million, since fighting was stepped up in 1964. Today it is by far the world's most densely populated city, with half again as many people in each square mile as in Hong Kong, the world's second most congested urban area. What has happened to Saigon is indicative of what is happening all over

South Viet Nam. The small nation of 18 million has experienced a migration to the cities unmatched in the history of Southeast Asia. During the past ten years, South Viet Nam has been transformed from a rural nation where 80% of the people lived on farms into a society where 40% to 50% are city dwellers. Other South Vietnamese cities have grown at an even faster rate than Saigon: since 1964, Cam Ranh has nearly quintupled to 85,000, Tam Hiep has tripled to 62,000, and Danang has more than doubled to 400,000.

Experts disagree on the ultimate effects of the mass migration. Samuel P. Huntington, professor of government at Harvard, has argued that by accident the mass urban migration may turn out to be a great benefit for the U.S. and its South Vietnamese allies. "In an absent-minded way, the U.S. in Viet Nam may well have stumbled upon the answer to 'wars of national liberation,'" he has written. Huntington's thesis: since the government controls the cities, the population shift has made the countryside much less important politically. As a result the Communists are finding it far harder than before to apply Mao Tse-tung's guerrilla strategy of using the rural areas to choke off and finally conquer the isolated and outmanned cities.

But others, notably the Rand Corp.'s Gerald C. Hickey, who has long studied South Viet Nam's social structure, fears that the frantic crush of some 2,000,000 war refugees and at least an equal number of peasants into the cities may create unmanageable problems. South Viet Nam's public services are unable to cope with the strain. In all major cities, the sewage systems, garbage collection, telephones and electrical facilities are overtaxed to the point of collapse. Saigon's bankrupt bus system stopped operating last year. Danang lacks sewers and garbage disposal; its water supply is contaminated. All the cities have vast slum areas. Adequate housing remains critically short, especially in Saigon and Hué, which suffered heav-

ily in the Communists' 1968 Tet offensive against the cities. Medical care lags far behind demand.

Public schools are unable to cope with the great influx of children. In Saigon, where there is only one teacher for every 106 students, many schools operate in shifts from 7 in the morning until 7 in the evening. One result is that only 58% of Saigon's pupils complete their elementary education.

Local government tends toward the chaotic. Some cities, like Nha Trang and Bien Hoa, are actually only hodgepodge collections of sprawling villages, which lack overall central control; each of the villages is tightly run by a mayor who is directly appointed by province chiefs. Saigon is run by the national government, which has too many problems to give the capital the attention it needs. Whatever the system, the cities are plagued by the lack of trained career employees who could provide efficient administration.

Important Front. Some progress is being made. More than 9,200 new housing units have been built or are being built in Saigon. The capital has bought 50 new flotation fire pumps, which can draw water from the city's canals to fight fires. Result: while 300 to 500 shacks used to perish in a single blaze, the figure has now been reduced to as low as 30. With U.S. aid, Danang will soon receive a 2,000,000-gallon-capacity water-purification plant. In Saigon, 29 public health clinics have been established. Insecticide spraying is now widespread. The U.S.-run Saigon Civil Assistance Group (SCAG) is encouraging neighborhood self-help projects to increase civic awareness.

The war boom, while creating vast problems, has brought benefits. Even though a 30% inflation rate plagues the South Vietnamese economy, jobs in the cities are plentiful, and the pay, especially compared with wages in the countryside, is good. In addition, 158,000 Vietnamese work directly for U.S. military or civilian employers and countless thousands derive their income



SHANTIES & BOAT HOMES ALONG SAIGON CANAL

The unlucky ones sleep on sidewalks, under bridges, and even in unused sewer pipes.

entirely in war-related activities, ranging from laundries to brothels.

When the war finally ends, South Viet Nam is likely to face a severe economic crisis. At present, it is highly improbable that jobs can be found for most of the 1,000,000 men now under arms. Furthermore, second-generation urban migrants, lacking the farm skills of their parents, will probably remain in the cities, intensifying the unemployment problem. A foretaste of the post-war situation is already evident in Danang, where the U.S. Navy is pulling out. Each day Vietnamese line up outside Navy compounds looking for work, only to be turned away.

Recent captured Communist documents have recognized the importance of the cities in the design for an ultimate victory. As one Viet Cong directive puts it, "The urban front is an important strategic area." Taking issue with the more optimistic Huntington view, SCAG Director Hatcher James says: "If things get bad, the Communist organizers will be in the slum neighborhoods, promising the sky. We've got to improve conditions before that time comes." But South Viet Nam's cities are already developing many of the same fateful characteristics that have caused despair and urban terrorism in other parts of the world.

INDONESIA

Attack on Corruption

Five years ago, Indonesian students joined forces with the army in an effective coalition, which eventually overthrew the country's founder and long-time President Sukarno, largely on charges of corruption and mismanagement. Now Indonesia's students are once again on the march against corruption. This time the target is their former military allies.

For weeks the students, along with the liberal intelligentsia, have been staging protest demonstrations against widespread corruption among the ruling military elite, and the press has ranted against the dishonesty of many ranking officials. Foreign companies have complained that they were forced to make payoffs in order to get permission to do business in Indonesia. Foreign investors, who are not eager to commit their money to a country where they feel corruption is holding back true economic progress, reported their objections to President Suharto, a general who is a scrupulously honest man. He listened and evidently agreed.

Last week, in an address to Parliament on the eve of the 25th anniversary of the country's independence, President Suharto pledged an all-out attack on corruption in high places. "The fight against corruption is under my direct leadership," he declared. He endorsed recommendations prohibiting government officials from accepting commissions from Indonesian and foreign businessmen. He ordered high of-

ficials to report their total incomes, including profits from extracurricular activities. He has also ordered the attorney general to streamline an anti-corruption task force, and he submitted to Parliament a new bill that would render those who accept kickbacks and payoffs liable to fines and imprisonment.

One-Man Aid Program. Suharto faces a tough battle against corruption, for Indonesia, like most Asian countries, finds graft and payoffs an almost necessary way of life. Loyalties belong first to family and friends, with the country running a poor second.

The military commander who is most deeply involved in Indonesia's economies is Lieut. General Ibnu Sutowo. He bosses the state-owned oil company, Pertamina, which supervises operations of



GENERAL SUTOWO
Helping everybody a lot.

the 41 foreign oil companies that annually pump some 290 million barrels of petroleum from Indonesia's rich fields. Already Suharto's anticorruption commission has closeted itself for hours with Sutowo, digging into his use of Pertamina funds to expand his own influence and wealth. "I am convinced I have done nothing wrong," insisted General Sutowo in an interview with TIME Correspondent Louis Kraar. "Everybody is talking about corruption, and if you asked them what they mean, they don't know."

He readily admits, however, that he uses some \$500,000 a year of Pertamina's funds in a one-man aid program. In recent ventures, Sutowo has donated television stations, mosques, airports, dormitories and hotels to army posts and towns throughout Indonesia.

"I am an army man, and I am helping everybody a lot," says Sutowo.

Though his official salary is only \$200 a month, Sutowo explains that his wealth is not based merely on that income. He says frankly: "I'm very big in tobacco exports, drugstores, a textile factory, rubber estates and interests in six or seven companies. I do them in my spare time." For example, when he recently learned that a contractor in Singapore needed rocks, Sutowo got government permission to have them shipped from an Indonesian quarry. Though he invested not a cent of his own money, Sutowo collects 50% of the profits. "I just arranged it," he says.

On a recent trip to New York, Sutowo broached over lunch the idea of an Indonesian restaurant in New York to several American oil company executives. Before the meal had ended, he had pledged of \$25,000 from each of the Americans. Sutowo has already acquired property on Manhattan's East Side. Another of his pet plans is a foundation, to be called Pertamina International, which he plans to use to raise funds for Indonesian cultural and educational projects in the U.S. "We expect donations to come from Americans—people who are friendly to Indonesia." And who might they be? "Oil companies," Sutowo answers promptly. But he insists that his latest projects are private undertakings and have nothing to do with Pertamina. "But, of course," he concedes, "Pertamina and Sutowo are very difficult to separate from each other."

SINGAPORE

Undiplomatic Cut

The island republic of Singapore recently proclaimed itself "a bastion of resistance to the social pollution of hippies." Last week, after Singapore police arrested three long-haired youths from neighboring Malaysia, the young men were held in jail for 17 hours until they consented to being given short haircuts. A barber was duly fetched, and each of the young Malaysians was required to pay 33¢ to have his long locks trimmed. When the shorn youths returned home, their countrymen were outraged—and reacted accordingly. The Malaysian government delivered a stern protest note to Singapore's ranking diplomatic representative in Kuala Lumpur. Malaysian students demonstrated outside the Singapore embassy and the Malaysian press deplored the incident.

Because of the uproar, Singapore's Prime Minister Lee Kuan Yew hastily postponed his first visit in 19 months to Malaysia. "We tender our apologies for any inconvenience caused," said Lee, who personally had ordered the anti-hippie campaign. "But it is not irreparable; it will grow back in a matter of weeks." He added, however, that if the loss of hair had made the young men less attractive to their girl friends, "we will send up wigs."



(A mournful memoir from the **MONEY** file of frustrating cases)

RALEIGH: Just watch this little gambit. We simply spread the cloak over this mud puddle and ...

MONEY MAN: Sir, mayhap that will protect good Queen Liz's foot, but how will it protect your family?

RALEIGH: So grateful will she be, she'll look after me like her own son. Probably send me to the New World to make colonies and bring back tobacco.

MONEY MAN: Ah, the New World, headquarters of **MONEY**, a company of such fine repute that some say by 1970 it will have over \$14,431,699,000.67 in

life insurance in force—not to mention health insurance.

(Ed. Note: what some said proved absolutely correct.)

RALEIGH: A wonderful company indeed, my friend, undoubtedly one of the finest. Still, I've decided to place my faith in the good Queen.

Ed. Note: We must admit that Sir Walter's faith was not entirely misplaced. During Queen Elizabeth's reign, life for him was pretty much of a breeze. But then along came James I and neatly lopped off the head of the most noble, but insuranceless, Raleigh. Which brings up the moral that follows directly.

MORAL:

The smart thing is to prepare for the unexpected.

The smart way is with insurance from **MONEY**.

MONEY
MUTUAL OF NEW YORK

The Mutual Life Insurance Company Of New York

PEOPLE

"For the first time in 25 years I'm seeing the world without an alcoholic haze." **Richard Burton** boasted last week. And all because wife **Elizabeth** bet her convivial Welshman that he couldn't abstain for three months. A trimmer Burton has not only won the wager (a kiss or something; he forgets), but has stretched his dry period to nearly six months. Lest his public misunderstand his sober ways, Burton begged his interviewer: "Please don't make me out to be against alcohol. I'll get all sorts of letters from the temperance people, and I certainly don't want to encourage their cause. I owe a lot to booze, so I don't want to offend it."

The friendship between former Senator **George A. Smathers** and President **John F. Kennedy** was firm, but often tried. Cuba was the toughest trial, as newly opened documents at the John F. Kennedy Memorial Library showed last week. From the 1960 presidential campaign onward, Smathers urged Kennedy to take a hard line against Cuba. The President listened until the Bay of Pigs invasion, after which he told his friend: "George, I don't want you to talk to me any more about Cuba." Smathers stopped—for a while. But one evening at an informal supper, Smathers says: "I raised the question of Cuba and what could be done. He took his fork and hit his plate, and it cracked and he said, 'Now dammit! Let's quit talking about this subject.'" Smathers did.

Who says you can't go home again? **Janis Joplin** did it last week, and for her special effort won the prize—a flat

tire—as the member of the class of '60 who had come the farthest for the reunion (from San Francisco to Port Arthur, Texas). Her Thomas Jefferson High School chums were more than a little bit surprised to find that she hadn't changed much, except for her feathered, wild, mod clothes. One buddy muttered rather sadly of the let-it-all-hang-out soul-rock singer: "I hate to say she was a real lady because that's not her image. But she was."

She has served her country in three wars, and plans to leave this fall for her eighth annual tour of duty in Viet Nam. **Martha Raye**, however, will not be playing her mod-witch part from *Bugaloos*, a fall TV show, but will serve as a surgical nurse with the Green Berets. The *Nightingale* role is hardly a new one for Colonel Raye, who has



GABOR AFTER HEIST
The ruse was a flop.

think fast. While two gunmen trained their weapons on her, she slyly slipped off her 31-carat diamond ring and let it fall to the red plush carpet of the Waldorf-Astoria's elevator. Alas, one of the bandits spied her ruse, picked up the bauble and then demanded the rest of her jewels—another diamond ring and earrings. All of it, Miss Gabor lamented, was uninsured.

Once upon a time he was a respected statesman, one of Franklin Roosevelt's advisers at the 1945 Yalta conference. Convicted of perjury in 1950 for denying that he had passed U.S. secrets to the Russians, he went to jail for 44 months, then faded into oblivion. Last week **Alger Hiss**, now 65 and a printing-company salesman, appeared at a press conference to announce that he would challenge the "Hiss Act," a 1954 law that prevents federal employees who are convicted of certain crimes from collecting annuities at retirement age. He may even ask for a presidential pardon—although he owes his conviction for perjury largely to the aggressive probing of the then California Representative Richard Milhous Nixon. Even if the pardon would have to come from Nixon, Hiss said, "I would go to him."

These days the only way to feel about **Eddie Fisher** is sad. The Elvis Presley of the early '50s—million-dollar records, top TV show, packed nightclubs, annual income of \$700,000—could do no wrong. Now he can't seem to get anything to go right. He has repeatedly beaten the comeback trail, but now it has beaten him. Last week, from his home in Puerto Rico, he was forced to declare himself bankrupt. His petition listed \$916,300 in debts, his only assets being \$40,000 in municipal bonds.



RAYE IN ONE ROLE
The other involved shrapnel.

been a sometime practicing nurse ever since 1936. Twice hit by shrapnel during the Viet Nam years, she bravely classifies her wounds as "not serious. Once in the foot, once in the ribs. I've had worse hangovers."

Retired Cape Town Dentist **Philip Blaiberg** lived longer than any other heart-transplant patient, 19½ months. But last week his 22-year-old daughter Jill belittled her father's borrowed time and blasted the operation and Surgeon **Christian Barnard**. "I personally think heart transplants are not worthwhile. I saw my father suffer." She blamed Dr. Barnard for urging the family to make money out of the operation. The reluctant publicity, she said, "set my life back by more than two years."

The newest star of *Forty Carats* last week returned home from a performance poorer by more than 40 carats and \$625,000. Not that **Zsa Zsa Gabor** did not



JOPLIN AT REUNION
The prize was a flat.

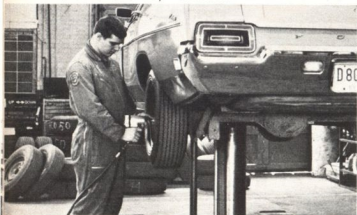
We know Firestone tested the Sup-R-Belt for over 50,000 miles. But we're just average drivers. What mileage can we expect?

We're glad you asked. Because when Firestone set up this 50,000-mile test we had you in mind. We started with non-professional drivers — students from The University of Akron. And we drove in ordinary middle-priced cars with regular automatic transmissions. We also did a couple of other things you should do with any tires to get the most for your money: we rotated the Sup-R-Belt tires every 5,000 miles, kept the front ends of the cars aligned, and maintained the recommended air pressures.

So, with average drivers at the wheel, we drove on interstate highways at turnpike speeds 1,200 miles a day — around



Sup-R-Belt Tires are also available with raised white letters.



the clock. Coming as close as we could to average tire use by the average driver — and our Sup-R-Belt tires came through with over 50,000 miles.

Frankly, we expected it. Because we put a double-belt in our Sup-R-Belt to help give this kind of mileage. Then we give additional reinforcement to the sidewalls and add our special way of bonding the tread to the body of the tire.

The secret to long mileage and true tire economy is to get a strong tire to start with and then give it reasonable care. When you have a tire as good as Sup-R-Belt common sense tells you that how long it lasts depends on you — your driving habits and how you maintain your tires. So why not take the little extra effort it takes to check them every few thousand miles so you can get the kind of mileage we build in.

FREE! Firestone's Consumer Tire Guide. Get it at Firestone Dealers and Stores or write: Firestone, Akron, Ohio 44317

Firestone
The Mileage Specialist.

ENVIRONMENT

Mink Yes, Tiger No

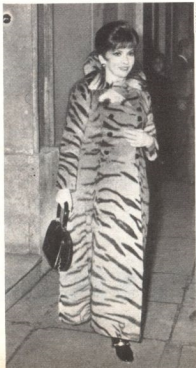
Not all the news on the environment front is bad. Last week the Furriers Joint Council of New York, representing 99% of the nation's 11,000 fur workers, announced that it had reached an agreement with the World Wildlife Fund. From now on, its members will not "cut, fashion or fabricate" skins taken from tigers, leopards, cheetahs, jaguars and other animals threatened with extinction by the demand for their hides.

The union action, together with a New York state law forbidding the sale of furs from 14 endangered species, has caused consternation in the skin trade. Some manufacturers have challenged the new law in court. Retailers, particularly in New York City, have slashed prices on spotted furs in order to liquidate stocks. Ben Kahn, for example, is selling \$12,000 leopard coats for \$6,000 and \$6,000 cheetah coats for \$3,000.

For all the furor, the ban is not likely to cripple the industry. Less than 1% of its \$300 million in annual sales comes from spotted cats; the bulk comes from the sale of minks and other animals bred for their pelts, which are not on the endangered list.

Even with the ban, some conservationists fear that poachers will continue to slaughter the big cats, since the skins can be sold in other countries. Now this avenue appears to be closing too. The International Fur Trade Federation, a London-based union, has announced an embargo on otter, tiger and snow and clouded leopard skins.

GINA LOLLOBRIGIDA IN TIGER



Troubled Water

Among Americans, it is almost an article of faith that the water flowing from their faucets is fit to drink. Last week the Department of Health, Education and Welfare dealt that faith a shattering blow. In a survey of 969 of the country's 23,000 water-supply systems, HEW's Bureau of Water Hygiene found that some 900,000 persons in the tested areas were consuming water dangerously contaminated by such poisons as arsenic, lead, selenium and fecal bacteria. The water supply of another 2,000,000, though safe to drink, was held to be unacceptable in taste, odor or color. Since the bureau's survey sites were chosen as "reasonably representative," its report, projected to the entire population, could mean that millions of Americans are drinking water hazardous to their health. Some of the most troublesome spots:

- Vermont, most of whose water-supply systems "generally exhibit the effects of long-term neglect." The bureau also found that there had been at least 300 cases of "water-borne" diseases in the past three years. After the HEW report was issued, Government health officials followed up by advising 35,555 Vermonters served by 69 "undesirable" systems to boil their water before drinking it.

- Cincinnati, where a "continuous program to detect health hazards and sanitary defects . . . does not exist," and where infectious hepatitis, traced to the city's water supply, broke out in a new federal housing project.

- Charleston, S.C., where the water falls

below Public Health Service standards and procedures for handling chlorine used in purifying water are "unsafe."

- The San Bernardino-Riverside-Ontario County region in Southern California, whose 1,000,000 residents are drinking water from systems with "generally minimal" treatment facilities.

- College Park, S.C. This town is serviced by an "undesirable" water supply source. As a result, the bacterial and chemical quality of the water is poor and storage capacity is inadequate. Government officials also found no records of laboratory examinations to test for water purity.

- Riverhead, N.Y. When residents complained of red and black water with a hydrogen sulfide odor, the town's new treatment plant manager blamed fluoridation. Later investigation by county health officials revealed that a single well was introducing bacteria into the system.

- Long Island, N.Y., where laundrettes are contaminating private wells with detergents. The county has brought suit against 78 laundrettes which have no treatment facilities and which continue to pollute wells.

Overall, water systems serving 100,000 persons or more got favorable marks. Most of the contaminated water was found in small communities, where the water systems lack either the staff, the know-how or the will to assure consumers a safe drink.

This point is driven home by the report's statistics. Some 77% of the plant operators surveyed were inadequately trained; nearly half of them were deficient in chemistry related to plant operation. In 1968, the year prior to the study, 79% of the plants were not inspected, and 90% of the water-treatment systems failed to meet Government standards for frequency of inspections.

What remedial steps can be taken? In most cases, the Federal Government does not and cannot force communities to clean up their water supplies. That is a matter for local vigilance, and the typical reaction of defensiveness and disbelief to the bureau report has scarcely been comforting. Said Dave Simoncini, water superintendent for Harrison, N.Y., one of the communities whose water was pronounced potentially hazardous for human beings to drink: "We take daily samples and haven't come up with a bad report since I've been here, and that's been eleven years. I don't know where they got this." S.G. Kalichman, state health director for the San Bernardino-Riverside-Ontario area, called the Government report crazy and ridiculous.

This may explain the ominous note struck by Charles C. Johnson Jr., administrator of HEW's Environmental Health Service, in a foreword to the bureau's report. "As in so many other aspects of our environmental situation," he wrote, "the findings are not reassuring with regard to the future."

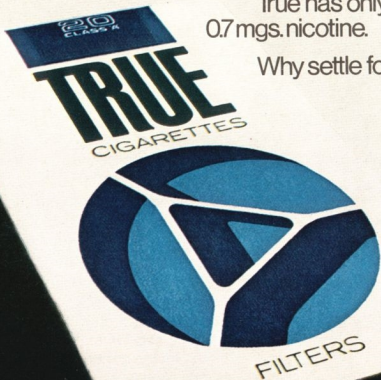
GENEVIÈVE GILLES IN LEOPARD



True is the lowest
in tar and nicotine of
the 20 best selling brands.*

True has only 12.6 mgs. tar,
0.7 mgs. nicotine.

Why settle for more?



Regular
or Menthol.

FILTERS

*These are the brands 9 out of 10 smokers enjoy. Of all cigarettes tested, U.S. Government reports show the highest at 31.0 mgs. tar, and 2.2 mgs. nicotine and the lowest at 1.9 tar and 0.1 mgs. nicotine.

**Every new opinion, at its starting
is precisely in the minority of one.**

Thomas Carlyle
Great Ideas of Western Man
Artist: David-Oliver Pfeil (Art Center College of Design)

Decentralization is not fragmentation. It is a system that can give cohesive strength to a large corporation as it gives strength to its individual parts.

As a corporate opinion it is based on a sense of freedom. And the result is communication with people in a framework that is easier to handle and more meaningful in relation to their specific problems.

The corporation itself may grow and become somewhat impersonal by size itself. But the problems of the people it is in existence for, remain personal in size.

A system of decentralization then is a way to continue conversation.

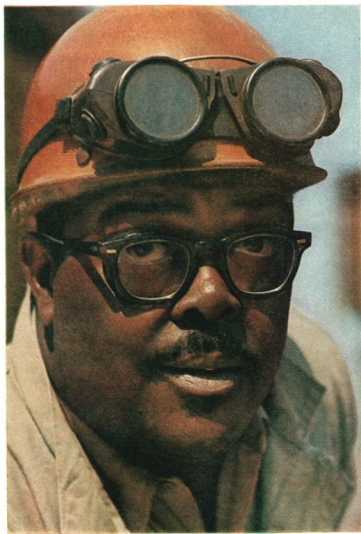


Container Corporation of America

A Marcor Company



Andrew Cato graduated from high school last year—at age 37



Andrew Cato is a repairman at our steel plant in Sparrows Point, Maryland.

When he was 16 years old, he had to quit high school and go to work. But he never lost his desire to get a high school education.

Last year, at the age of 37, he realized his ambition: the State of Maryland presented him with his high school diploma.

Andrew Cato is one of more than 100 Bethlehem Steel employees who have completed the high school equivalent course. By making this effort, they equip themselves with the basic skills needed to take advantage of training and job opportunities.

The course is part of a joint government-industry-union adult education program conducted by the Board for Fundamental Education. It's funded by the Federal Government under the Manpower Development Training Act of 1962.

Students attend classes on their own time, three times a week, for 20 weeks. Each session lasts at least 2½ hours. Bethlehem Steel provides the classrooms.

There's a lot more to this program than simply helping others to improve their skills. It's an important part of an effort to improve the quality of American life . . . to make our communities better places for all of us.

BETHLEHEM STEEL



THE PRESS

The President's Editorialist

Dear Jack:

Your editorial on Thanksgiving hit the mark, even to your point on the Mets and the Jets. In reviewing the [nation's] problems you mentioned it occurred to me that many have said we cannot solve them, just as many said that the Mets and Jets could not win, but with the kind of support you are giving us I am confident that we, too, will win the big ones.

With warm personal regards,

Sincerely,

R.N.

So reads one of several thank-you notes that President Richard Nixon has written to Francis M. ("Jack") Flynn, publisher of New York's hardhatted morning tabloid, the *Daily News*. It is not a new correspondence; Nixon also wrote to the *News* when he was Vice President and later, when he was out of office trying to get back in. (In those days the letters were signed "Dick.") So it was no big surprise when the President dropped by the *News* offices in Manhattan last week for a friendly chat with Flynn and his top editors. No wonder, either, that one of those around the table was the man who writes almost all the nice Nixon editorials, Reuben Maury.

Now 70, Maury has in fact been writing almost all the *News* editorials for the past 44 years. His sledgehammer style is better suited to knocking than building, but he and the *News* have had their heroes. There was, for instance, Joe McCarthy, who (Maury once told an interviewer) "fought Communists the way we thought they should be fought." There was Herbert Hoover, who "came close to sainthood." And J. Edgar Hoover.

Currently there is S.I. Hayakawa, "the

no-nonsense, gutful chief of San Francisco State College." A Maury editorial this month urged Hayakawa's appointment as president of Harvard to "fumigate the campus Commies and anarchists." There is Spiro Agnew, in whom Maury perhaps sees something of himself. "I admire a fella," he told a recent visitor to his office, "who stands up on his feet and says what he thinks in words everybody can understand." But above all there is Richard Nixon, who, Maury feels, was "called to his exalted office by the Lord" as well as by the voters.

In his inimitable manner, Maury has expressed the *News*' support of Nixon on every major issue. He has cheered him for not "bugging out" of Viet Nam;



MAURY AT "NEWS"

Knocks with a sledgehammer.

he lauded the entry of U.S. troops into Cambodia "to root Reds and Red war matériel out of hide-holes there"; he has sympathized with Nixon over college officials who "bellyache" about campus disorders; he has urged Congress to "quit foonzling and fussing around" with proposed anticrime legislation.

Liberal by Moonlight. Though clearly one of U.S. journalism's loudest thunderers on the right, Maury is soft-spoken and amiable away from a typewriter. He never discusses his views outside his office, he says, because "it's so easy to work up ill feelings arguing about politics, religion or the war." In fact, he spends only about 15 minutes a day discussing proposed editorials with his *News* colleagues, most notably Executive Editor Floyd Barger. Then Maury takes less than two hours to write the three to five editorials settled upon. Generally, the only *News* editorials he does not write are those that run on Mondays or when he is away. For his virtually one-man show, Maury earns more than \$40,000 a year.

Maury's moods in print reflect the influence of the late Joseph Patterson, the *News*' irascible founder. Patterson hired Maury in 1926 out of Butte, Mont., where Maury had been mixing freelance writing with a law practice. Maury won a Pulitzer Prize for editorials in 1940. At the same time he was moonlighting, writing *Collier's* editorials that often took an opposite, liberal point of view. Maury's explanation: "An editorial writer is like a lawyer or a public relations man: his job is to make the best possible case for his client."

Maury claims that today he happens to agree with 98% of the *News* editorials and "doesn't care" about the rest. He also claims not to care about reader reaction. "I don't give much of a damn about what people think of our position," he says easily, "as long as they read us." Millions do; the *News*' daily circulation of 2,129,689 is the biggest in the U.S.

Right or Wrong: A Maury Sampler

FOREIGN KIBITZERS

—are hornin' in with advice to the U.S. President to pull out of Cambodia, pull out of Viet Nam, and so on.

Britain's Prime Minister Harold Wilson is one of these. Prominent British Conservative Enoch Powell is another. French Foreign Minister Maurice Schumann is still another.

The correct answer to these gentlemen, we believe, is that the U.S.A. has been the prime factor in winning their countries' last two major wars for them and does not need their advice as to how to conduct its own wars.

AID-TO-THE-ENEMY DAY

—Organizers of the manifold demonstrations set for today against further U.S. participation in the Viet Nam War

lump them under the title Viet Nam Moratorium Day.

We have a better name for it. We call it Aid-to-the-Enemy Day. . . .

The treacherous nationwide jamboree got its start in the brain of a Harvard Divinity School dropout.

It has been snapped up, amplified and financed by—

KOOKS, REDS, DUPES

—and a few idealists . . . so that today may witness a lot of U.S. mob convulsions which will greatly encourage the enemy. . . .

[Americans] might just send the President an immortal saying by a great American named Stephen Decatur: "Our country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country right or wrong."

WINNER AND STILL CHAMP

—For generations, [William Shakespeare] has been recognized as the greatest English master of the drama, and quite possibly the greatest handler of the English language, that ever yet has trod this earthly ball.

Shakespeare and Dickens had several things in common. They . . . composed stage or fictional pieces which had definite beginnings, unmistakable climaxes and positive endings.

Neither Dickens nor Shakespeare wrote so-what tripe that gets nowhere and is in some fashion nowadays. Nor did they glorify characters whom even the ablest of modern psychiatrists couldn't help.

End of today's discussion of matters literary.

SCIENCE

Aquaculture: Food from the Deep

IN the past 100 years, the amount of food taken from the sea has multiplied more than tenfold, a rate in excess of global population growth. But the annual world catch—now about 60 million metric tons—cannot continue growing indefinitely. In fact, such sea staples as California sardines, Northwest Pacific salmon and Barents Sea cod—not to mention the beleaguered whale—are already rapidly dwindling. Contrary to the myth, Fisheries Biologist William Ricker recently warned, in a National Academy of Sciences report, the sea is not “a limitless reservoir of food energy.”

Urchins to Octopus. Fortunately, there is an alternative to harvesting food directly from the sea. By using artificial ponds, lakes, streams and even cordoned-off estuaries and bays to raise fish, man can give nature a helping hand. Fish farming is hardly new; as long ago as 475 B.C., a Chinese scholar-statesman named Fan Li wrote the first how-to-do-it treatise. But as marine biologists seek to exploit its full potential—especially as a way of relieving the world's chronic shortage of protein—water farming, or aquaculture, looms as an ever more important source of food.

The island-bound Japanese seem to be the most ingenious aquaculturists. Dependent on the sea for 60% of their protein intake, they have long led the world in growing oysters, shrimp and other aquatic delicacies. But lately, as their fisheries have become overtaxed and their world-traveling trawlers run into increasing opposition from foreign governments, Japanese researchers have been working overtime on breeding projects, experimenting with everything from sea urchins to octopus. To make fish more accessible to fishermen they have even taken to dumping old streetcars, buses and, most recently, concrete pipes into offshore waters in hopes of providing “apartments” (apartments), in and around which fish tend to congregate.

Other nations are not far behind. On the Chinese mainland, Fan Li's descendants have dotted the countryside with so many fishpond cooperatives that

annual production of carp and related fish (1.5 million tons) nearly equals the total U.S. catch. The Israelis, who have extensive breeding pools, learned that by injecting mullets with pituitary hormones they could cause the fish to spawn in captivity. Ordinarily the mullet—a popular tropical food fish—will spawn only in open water. Similar projects are underway on Taiwan, in India and at Hawaii's privately run Oceanic Institute, where scientists have just made an esoteric contribution to mullet cultivation. By stringing out buoyant strips of plastic just below the ocean's surface, they have created artificial sea grass on which diatoms will grow. These single-celled algae constitute the basic ingredient of a young mullet's diet.

At the University of Washington, researchers have succeeded in breeding a so-called “supertrout,” which outstrips its punier kin by gaining as much as two pounds a year and thriving in salt water. By cultivating the supertrout, as well as oysters and algae, Washington State's impoverished Lummi Indians are establishing one of the more promising U.S. aquafarms. The Oceanic Institute's founder, Taylor A. Pryor, whose researchers advise the Lummis, thinks similarly lucrative aquafarms can be set up all along the tidal areas of the U.S. Northwest, British Columbia and southern Alaska.

One of the more ingenious experiments in aquaculture has just begun on the Caribbean island of St. Croix. Conceived by scientists of Columbia University's Lamont-Doherty Geological Observatory, it is based on a natural sea phenomenon. In areas of the world where the right combination of wind, current and slope of the continental shelf occurs, cold water from the ocean depths sometimes churns up to the surface. Laden with nutrients from decomposed sea life that has settled to the ocean depths, these rising currents possess extraordinary fertilizing power. Once they reach the upper level of the ocean, where sunlight penetrates, they turn it into a garden of phytoplankton—the tiny floating plants that

are the bottom link in the sea's food chain. Actually the “upwelling” occurs only in a few areas like the extremely rich fishery off Peru. Much of the rest of the ocean is what one scientist recently called a “biological desert.”

To make such a desert bloom, the Columbia scientists are creating some upwelling of their own—in miniature. Dropping a 3½-in.-wide plastic pipe off the northern coast of St. Croix, where the Caribbean slopes off very steeply, they are siphoning up nutrient-rich, cold (41° F.) sea water from a depth of half a mile and feeding it into small pools, each with a capacity of 16,000 gallons. Within ten days the pools teem with phytoplankton and become ideal breeding grounds for aquatic life. Last week the Columbia scientists “set” their first batch of young Chesapeake Bay and Long Island oysters in the ponds, where they should thrive on the bountiful food supply. Eventually the scientists hope to raise snails, shrimps and anchovies in the pools.

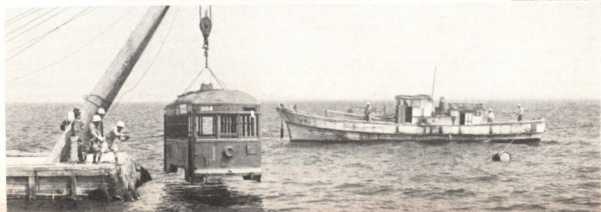
Useful Pollution. Some recent aquaculture projects actually make use of pollution. In southern Germany near Munich, the Bavarian Hydropower Co. is already reaping a profit by using sewage (rich in minerals) as a fertilizer in carp ponds. The idea is not entirely new; natives of West Java have long known that carp raised in streams filled with wastes grow unusually robust. There is only one caveat: the fish must be well cooked before they are eaten.

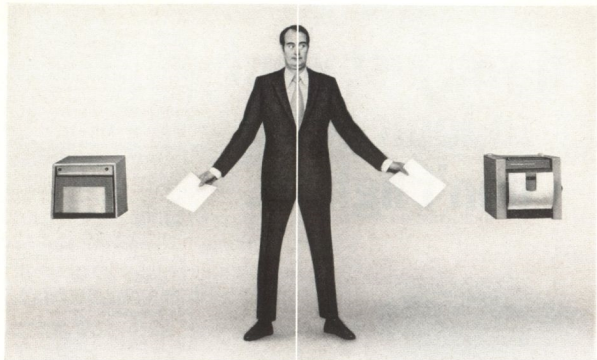
Thermal pollution can be equally useful. Not only trout but oysters and other shellfish have been grown more rapidly in the hot effluent from power plants. Indeed, one New York producer, who raises his oysters in the Long Island Lighting Co.'s cooling ponds, says that they reach full size in less than three years (v. four to five years normally). Even more spectacular results have been reported by the Scots. By placing sole and plaice in water discharged from an atomic generator, they have raised the fish in six to eight months (v. three to four years). The explanation: warm water increases both the metabolism rate and appetite of fish.

In the future, experiments in aquaculture will become even more dramatic. Japanese scientists have already proposed raising tuna—a fish that can reach a weight of several hundred pounds

WORKMEN LOWERING STREETCAR INTO SEA OF JAPAN TO PROVIDE “APARTMENTS” FOR FISH

ISHIKAWA PREFECTURAL OFFICE





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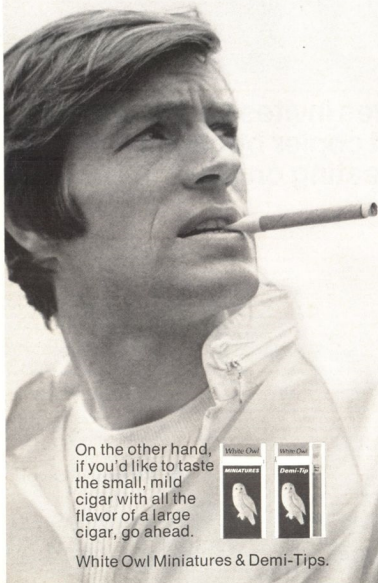
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—in closed-off atolls and lagoons in the Pacific. Indeed, the open sea itself may be "ranching." Columbia University Marine Biologist Oswald Roels is now exploring a "fertilizing" scheme in which a seagoing dredge would bring up nutrients from the depths, distribute them near the surface to encourage the growth of plankton, and harvest the fish that might then thrive in the area.

DuBridge's Exit

"Science and engineering," Dr. Lee DuBridge once said, "are tools in man's eternal struggle to achieve his highest spiritual ends." As President Nixon's science adviser, the former Caltech president has watched those tools become increasingly blunted. Forced to economize, the Administration has sharply reduced federal support for scientific research. In some areas—radio astronomy, for example, cancer experiments and even DuBridge's own discipline, physics—allocations have been cut 20% or more. Unable to reverse the trend, DuBridge last week did some cutting himself: he resigned.

DuBridge said that he was quitting because of age (he will be 69 next month). But his friends had a more pointed explanation: he had become intensely dismayed by attacks from fellow scientists, who blamed him for what they considered the Administration's lukewarm attitude toward science. He was especially stung a few weeks ago when the prestigious scientific journal *Nature* described him as "too shy, even gauche—not the kind of fellow who is able to create the illusion of being a means by which the scientific community can make its voice heard in high places."

To some extent, DuBridge invited such criticism. Although he had initially warned the Administration that the economies could turn the U.S. into a second-rate scientific power in some areas, he later seemed too willing to accept the cuts. Still, DuBridge could be an effective behind-the-scenes advocate. He was particularly influential in persuading Nixon to curtail the use of defoliants in Viet Nam. He also played a key role in the President's decision to announce a ban on germ warfare, and he helped to focus attention on environmental problems. But in the face of the Administration's tightfisted mood, it is doubtful whether he could have staved off the research cutbacks even if he had protested more vigorously.

Nor is his successor likely to do much better. As DuBridge's replacement in the \$42,500-a-year job, Nixon picked Dr. Edward E. David Jr., 45, the director of communications systems research at the Bell Telephone Laboratories. A relative unknown in scientific circles, David says that he will try to bring the benefits of science and technology more directly to the people. But before he can effectively close that gap, he will have to bridge another: the one between the scientists and the Administration they feel is neglecting them.



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EDUCATION

Rhodes' Scholarship

"I'm worried that the commission is close to oh-deeing. Mississippi almost did them in, and Kent State will put them over." So said Joseph Rhodes Jr., 23, before setting off for a hearing last week at Kent State University in Ohio, the scene of one of the bloodiest episodes in the recent history of campus disorder. Rhodes was referring to Richard Nixon's Commission on Campus Unrest, of which he is the only student member. By "oh-deeing"—a hophead term for a drug overdose—he meant that the other commissioners have been startled by the fervor of the students and the severity of the country's reaction to collegiate violence.

Joe Rhodes shares their apprehensions, but oh-deeing is not in his bones. His candor, his activism and his penchant for making quotable statements all qualify him as the commission's most controversial and audible member. He began filling that distinction right from the start by suggesting that deaths on the campus could be linked to White House criticism of students. For that Rhodes drew the wrath of Vice President Spiro Agnew, who called—vainly—for Rhodes' resignation just three days after his appointment.

Helping God. The son of a Pittsburgh steelworker, Rhodes grew up under the decisive influence of his mother, a Jehovah's Witness. At 16, he believed that God determined everything. Now he is less sure. At an age when many young men are hindered by resentment or apathy, Joe Rhodes decided to give God a helping hand.

At the California Institute of Technology, the only black in his class, Rhodes quickly gained prominence by running for student-body president in his sophomore year. This was against the rules; until he came along, only juniors were granted that distinction. But under a special resolution, he was allowed to run for the office, and won it. The following year he set another precedent by being re-elected, and continued what is still called "the Rhodes Revolution": a successful campaign to place students on all of the institution's major decision-making committees, including the one that appointed the successor to Caltech's then President Lee DuBridge (see SCIENCE).

Helping Washington. While he was still an undergraduate, his name reached the attention of Washington. In 1968, he journeyed to the capital in search of money for a research project on environmental pollution. Impressed by his ideas, the Department of Health, Education and Welfare gave him \$68,000—enough to keep 70 students from all over the country busy all of one summer.

Last year, when White House Domestic Affairs Aide John Ehrlichman needed information on student dem-



JOSEPH RHODES JR.
Oh-deeing is not in his bones.

onstrations, he called on Joe Rhodes to supply some of it. Rhodes' warning that Nixon would face student opposition despite a conspicuous lack of it during the 1968 election impressed Ehrlichman enough to summon him to Washington later for a White House staff briefing on the same subject.

Though very much its junior member, Rhodes has had considerable influence on the scope of the commission's investigations. He has also conducted some on his own. Some 50 volunteers, mostly students, now produce detailed accounts for him of campus disruptions and also draft written studies on everything from police tactics to contemporary student life. To help pay his staff's expenses, Rhodes successfully solicited money from, among others, John D. Rockefeller III.

His forthrightness did not sit well with Vice President Agnew or even, at first, with members of his own commission. But they have listened to his ideas. What is more, he is ready—often, it seems, before he is asked—to counsel the White House on anything he believes germane to the problems of American youth, from the legalization of marijuana to the war in Viet Nam.

Helping the Commission. More important, Joe Rhodes believes that disorder on campus is only a part of the country's cultural upheaval, and it is to this problem that he intends to speak. "I'm not interested," he says, "in finding ways to solve campus unrest if that means damping out student dissent. My ultimate goal is to tell the President in no uncertain terms what can be done to save lives this fall." He means throughout the country, not just on the campus. "We're like a vast system only a few millimeters from building up to its explosive point.

We're getting into an unanticipated revolution. Nobody seems to grasp the degree to which people are fed up."

Rhodes' rhetoric notwithstanding, it is up to the whole commission to ascertain who is fed up with whom, and it is still possible that this fall will bring dialogue instead of a dustup.

Rational Alternatives

Student radicals anxious to make college "relevant" will not be the only ones concerned with the future of the university this fall. On campuses across the country, small groups of professors are gathering to make sure that the old-fashioned pursuit of learning does not get lost in the shuffle.

Prominent among these groups is a loosely organized enterprise, University Centers for Rational Alternatives, which got started after the Columbia University student disorders of 1968 and is now gaining new support in the wake of Kent and Jackson State. It does not aim for a mass membership. But, says Washington's Catholic University Politics Professor James Dornan, "It's amazing what a few can accomplish—as the leftists have certainly proved."

The main business of the university is education, argues UCRA President Sidney Hook, professor of philosophy at New York University. "Intellectual unrest is not a problem but a virtue," he says, "and no university can have too much of it. The problem, and the threat, is not academic unrest but academic disruption and violence, which flow from substituting for the academic goals of learning the political goals of action. The university," he adds, "is not responsible for the existence of war, poverty and other evils."

The group's present plans call for a flexible response to new threats and for amplifying some of last year's unorganized response to campus violence. One goal will be opposition to the so-called "Princeton Plan," which would close campuses for two weeks in the fall so students can work in political campaigns. Another is the prevention of student "strikes" similar to those that closed hundreds of colleges last spring.

The group also has some ideas about the control of campus violence. A school's students and faculty, Hook suggests, should meet at the beginning of each year to spell out guidelines for legitimate protest. After that, he argues, the rules should be strictly applied.

UCRA's members are not without experience. At Catholic University and Northeastern University in Boston, they were instrumental in defeating Princeton Plan resolutions. On other campuses they worked to keep colleges open and to establish democratic means of deciding when classes should be suspended. At St. Louis' Washington University, UCRA Director Gray Dorsey, a law professor, filed suit on behalf of four students kept from classes by a student strike. The suit is pending and UCRA members are considering the same strategy elsewhere.

BEHAVIOR

Measuring Presidents

Consciously or unconsciously, man reveals his inner self in his words. In the case of a U.S. President, according to Psychological Investigators Richard E. Donley and David G. Winter of Wesleyan University, what he says is seldom as illuminating as how he says it. By looking behind the rhetoric of inaugural addresses, Donley and Winter have measured twelve Presidents, from Theodore Roosevelt through Richard Nixon, on two personality factors: their need for power and for achievement in office. In *Behavioral Science* magazine they report their results.

The power-hungriest Presidents were Teddy Roosevelt (registering 8.3 power images in every thousand words), John F. Kennedy (8.3), Harry Truman (7.3) and Lyndon B. Johnson (6.8). In need for achievement, Nixon led the list with an 8.5 rating, well ahead of Johnson



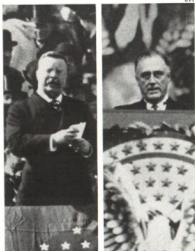
TRUMAN IN 1949

KENNEDY IN 1961

(7.5), Kennedy (6.8) and Teddy Roosevelt (6.2). Despite his reputation as a forceful President, Franklin D. Roosevelt did not stand remarkably high in either category: 5.2 in achievement need, 6.3 in need for power.

Both high power and achievement ratings, say Winter and Donley, characterize the President who is able to exert the necessary political influence (power) to accomplish his goals (achievement). By contrast, Herbert Hoover—who, according to the investigators, “seemed to lack a ‘political sense’”—scores higher in need for achievement (a rating of 4) than in need for power (a rating of 3). This is read to mean that Hoover sought in vain to bring about substantive accomplishments; he lacked the necessary political skill.

By Winter's evaluation, Nixon comes across as a President given to behavioral extremes. “He aggressively orders troops into Cambodia one week, switch-



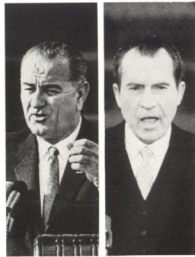
TEDDY ROOSEVELT & F.D.R.

es to a defensive posture the next week in the face of student protest.” Moreover, adds Winter, “he’s forced to play the power game but doesn’t like it,” which explains not only Nixon’s vacillation, but—at least to Winter—also explains why the press doesn’t like him: “Journalists have a high need for power, and Nixon does not.”

Counting Images. Psychologist Winter and his student Donley reached their conclusions by counting the incidence, in inaugural texts, of images suggestive of power and achievement. Weight is given to both the vigor and clarity with which the presidential need shines through. Examples:

► Franklin D. Roosevelt: “These are the lines of *attack* [power]. I shall presently *urge upon* [power] a new Congress in special session . . .”

► John F. Kennedy: “*Let every nation know* [power] . . . that we shall pay any price, bear any burden, meet any



JOHNSON IN 1965

NIXON IN 1969

hardship, *support* any friend [power], *oppose* any foe [power] to *assure* the survival and the success of liberty [achievement].”

► Richard Nixon: “The greatest *honor* history can bestow [power] . . . the *chance* to help lead the world [power] . . . onto that high ground of peace that man has dreamed of [achievement].”

The authors recognize the hazards of appraising Presidents on the basis of a single speech text. Nevertheless, they feel justified in doing so: “Undoubtedly all Presidents retain great control over the content of their inaugural speeches; they select the writers; they give ideas; they approve or disapprove of wording; and they add the final touches, phrasing, and imagery.”

Grant v. Lee

All children whose parents Never Told Them grow up to be authorities on sex education. Well, Mary Breasted's mother tried. She said something in the kitchen once about a “rosy glow.” The years passed, and Mary saw a bit of life. She spent two years as a VISTA volunteer in Spanish Harlem. She—wow!—even went to Radcliffe. By her 26th year she had become one of those bright reporters on the *Village Voice*, and she had reached a decision: Mother's little touch of poetry about the rosy glow was something less than enough. Sex education had become Now, and manifestly it was a Village Voicer's worthy cause.

Armed with her bias, a tape recorder and what was to prove to be a subversive sense of humor, Mary set out for the war zone of sex education—Anaheim, Calif. Somewhere in the Neverland of Orange County, trapped by flak from every side, Mary grew up. She got her education not only in sex but in the politics of the public schools and in the slightly mad ways Americans define and propagandize their moral values.

The result, *Oh! Sex Education!* (Praeger, \$7.95), is a small journalistic masterpiece of rueful perception. With her first book, Mary Breasted takes her place among the Joan Didions, Gloria Steinems, Gail Sheehys—the journalists of grace-note disillusionment, all those sharp young women who look at their fellow Americans with the sad-eyed vision of little girls whose dolls were broken at an early age.

In the shadow of the Disneyland Matterhorn, Mary slipped out her tape recorder and notebooks and listened while the Anaheim Pros and Antis talked. And talked! In 1969, the pioneering Family Life and Sex Education Program, which Anaheim had introduced into its schools, was the major local topic.

FLSE, as it was known, consisted of an ungraded 4½-week session, beginning in seventh grade and running through the twelfth. The facts of reproduction, pregnancy and birth were progressively detailed. But in Mary Breasted's opin-

ion, "the emphasis of the seventh-grade sessions was placed on youngsters' social problems," while even "twelfth graders would learn more about the problems of raising a family than they would about sexual intercourse." Nevertheless, the Antis saw it as the evil of all evils—a Communist plot to brainwash pure-minded America. Atheism, rock 'n' roll, even the U.N. were minor perils beside sex education. It was "programmed perversion," condoning homosexuality, endorsing masturbation—a sneaky death blow at the heart of America: the Family. The Pros, on the other hand, saw the experiment as education at the point of salvation. "Stamp Out Neurosis" was the invisible banner every Pro waved. Sex education promised to free America from its puritan hang-ups—and about time, too!

Mary Breasted left the battlefields of Anahim with an ear-buzzing sense of overkill. Everybody was talking, but no-

tere and arrogant, driving Mary to think up cross questions like: Just what is it that sex education is supposed to teach? (At present it could be described as a science of half-developed intuitions, with a collateral course in polltakers' sociology.) Just who will teach it? And just what will its effects be?

Worrying over these questions, Mary progressed to an even graver heresy. She began to wonder if the Pros and the Antis were quite as different as they thought they were. Both, she concluded, were really committed to the principle of premarital chastity. The Antis believed that to say "Thou shalt not..." was enough; further discussion was risky. The Pros, in turn, thought that you had to reason the kids into it, but their master objective was pretty much the same.

At this point, sex education rather collapsed as a serious issue for Mary Breasted.

MILESTONES

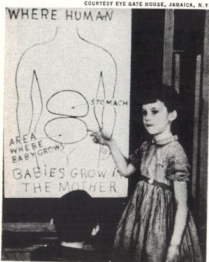
Died. Beniamino Bufano, 72, San Francisco sculptor and eccentric; of a heart attack; in San Francisco. As contentious as he was tiny (5 ft., 120 lbs.), Bufano was always in rebellion against something. During World War I he went so far as to send his self-severed trigger finger to President Wilson as a protest against war. His art was stable: colossal statues, with sweeping elliptical lines, were done in stone and metal. His themes ranged from a black cat named Tombstone to the soaring *Peace* at San Francisco's airport; but his favorite was St. Francis of Assisi, whom he did in about 150 versions, including a monumental *St. Francis of the Guns*, inspired by thousands of weapons, turned in to city authorities after Robert Kennedy's assassination.

Died. Eugene Barnett, 82, general secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association from 1941 to 1953 and a principal architect of its expansion around the world; of a skull fracture suffered in a fall in his home; in Arlington, Va. As a young missionary, Barnett traveled to China in 1910 to found a Y in Hangchow. His sincerity and austere brand of Christianity impressed China's emerging leaders, notably Chiang Kai-shek. Returning home in 1937, Barnett presided over vast U.S. and world growth that by 1953 had brought the Y.M.C.A.s into 77 lands.

Died. General Archimede Mischi, 85, Mussolini's last army chief of staff, who led Fascist army operations against the partisans in northern Italy from March 1944 until April 1945; in Forlì, Italy. Mischi added an intriguing footnote to history by reporting that Mussolini, on April 22, 1945, just six days before he was captured and shot, phoned him from Milan to order: "At all costs keep the road to Switzerland open for me."

Died. William Hamm Jr., 86, chairman of the Midwest's Hamm Brewing Co., who in 1933 made the headlines when he was kidnapped by the notorious Alvin Karpis-Ma Barker gang and only released after payment of \$100,000; in St. Paul, Minn.

Died. Harry Overstreet, 94, author and lecturer who did much to popularize modern psychology and sociology; of heart disease; in Falls Church, Va. In numerous talks and books, most notably 1949's bestselling (500,000 copies sold by 1952) *The Mature Mind*, Overstreet sought to present in simple layman's terms the latest advances in human sciences. His technique seemed vastly oversimplified to some, but others found it both charming and instructive—as when he labeled the boy on the burning deck a moron, because "he did not have the intelligence to adapt himself to a changing situation."



SCENE FROM SEX-EDUCATION FILMSTRIP

Distress signal for something else.



AUTHOR BREASTED

body was listening. It was just as if two tape recorders were shouting at each other. The futility of the polarized and polished dialogue made her recall the words of H.L. Mencken: "Did Luther convert Leo X? Did Grant convert Lee?" The missionaries were playing cannibals.

The other disturbing thing Mary noticed was that she tended to like the wrong-thinking Antis better than the right-thinking Pros. When she left Anahim, she went on to interview the No. 1 Pro missionary, Dr. Mary Calderone, director of SIECUS (Sex Information and Education Council of the United States) and Anti Master Propagandist Gordon Drake, once the right-hand man to Billie Hargis in his Christian Crusade against sex education. Drake's eyes had a nice twinkle—almost enough to give a girl a rosy glow—and even the MOMS (Mothers for Moral Stability) could be nice folk. By contrast, Dr. Calderone seemed aus-

ed. It became not a matter of right or wrong—but irrelevant. The Pros, she decided, despite their intellectual modern décor, are just as dated as the Antis. Sex education is a comedy of red-faced adults contending to the death to save young America. For better or for worse, Author Breasted suggests, sex is simply no longer what the young think of when they think of morality: "They have other things to worry about, like the draft and the people who are ruining our water and our air."

Mary Breasted started out to collect the Facts, just the Facts, and ended up seeing the sex-education controversy as a distress signal for something else. For instance, America's persistent tendency to present choices as moral absolutes. Few social scientists will produce better reports on American morals—and few novelists will write more devastating satires on American idealism—than this *Story of Oh!*



The Russians are about to invent advertising.

Marx and Engels never recommended it. But the Russians started experimenting with advertising a few years back.

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Considering the source, that could be advertising's greatest testimonial.

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Prize for a Popcorn Hitter

The way Dave Stockton tells it, he was approaching the 17th green in the final round of last week's P.G.A. championship when he looked up and found himself surrounded by Arnold Palmer fans. "Everybody was yelling 'Yea, Arnie!' Then some little kid whispered 'Come on, Dave,' and one of Arnie's fans said 'Keep quiet.' So I turned around and said, 'Leave him alone; he's doing all right.'"

Stockton may never have a legion of adoring fans like Arnie's Army. Who does? But after his victory last week in



STOCKTON & CATHY AFTER VICTORY
And a little kid shall lead them.

one of professional golf's most prestigious tournaments, the rangy, 28-year-old Californian certainly has the beginnings of Dave's Dragons, Unsung and largely unknown, he was the only man among 70 golfers to beat par with a one-under-279 for 72 holes around Tulsa's notoriously tough Southern Hills course. In the 100th heat, Jack Nicklaus soared to a horrendous 76 on the second round and Lee Trevino posted a pair of embarrassing 77s. But Stockton calmly put together a pair of even-par 70s, then on the third round took the course apart with a brilliant 66 that included seven birdies. Going into the fourth and final round, the only star in sight was Arnold Palmer—and Arnie was five strokes behind.

From Hoots to Groans. The Sunday pairings put Stockton head to head with Palmer, which is calculated to fluster any golfer. "Go get 'em, Arnie!" screamed the Army. "Shank it. Bury it in the sand," they hooted at Stockton. But then the hoots turned to groans.

On the seventh hole, a 385-yd. par

four, Stockton chose a wedge for his second shot, lofted a lovely 120-yd. pitch to the green; the ball hit a foot beyond the cup and took a backward hop in for an impossible eagle two. On the ninth hole, another tough par four, he blasted a six-iron approach out of a bunker and through some branches 158 yds. to a green he could not even see; the ball rolled dead two feet from the hole, and he had a birdie three. On the 13th, Stockton's second shot splashed into a pond; he took a one-stroke penalty, dropped another ball and hit a wedge to within a foot of the pin to avoid a double bogey.

By the time they reached the 15th hole, Stockton was still five strokes ahead, and that, to all intents and purposes, was it. Dave had room to bogey three of the last four holes and putt out at the 18th a clear two-stroke winner. Cool and self-contained all week long, he was suddenly seized by the enormity of his achievement. Looking up at his pregnant wife Cathy waiting for him, he suddenly burst into tears. "She just waved and that was enough," he said. "I was gone. I told my caddie to bring me a towel."

Accident in the Surf. The P.G.A. victory marked the end of a long, uphill fight for Stockton. The son of a former amateur champ and teaching pro, Dave picked up his first club at the age of three, was a serious, par-shooting golfer at 15. Then came a near disaster. A surfing accident left Stockton with six cracked vertebrae, and for a while it was doubtful that he would be able to engage in any sport, much less championship golf. The back eventually healed, but he has had to avoid contact sports and now wears a half-inch lift in his left shoe. Because of his physical handicap, he could never become a powerhouse like Nicklaus and Palmer, booming out 300-yd. drives. "I'm strictly a popcorn hitter," he says. Yet he learned to keep his drives straight and developed a deadly accurate short game. There was something else, too: the power of positive thinking. "If you just think about what you want to do," he says, "your mind will correct your faults."

Even so, Dave's parents frowned on a golfing career when he graduated from the University of Southern California in 1964. They voted for law school. When Dave insisted, they agreed to let him try and to pay part of his tour expenses for three years. He won his first tournament and \$54,333 in 1967; and going into the P.G.A., he had three more victories and \$300,000 in winnings to his credit. The P.G.A. added a handsome \$40,000 to the total, but it wasn't the money that pleased him most. "It's the title," he said. "It means that I can enter any tournament I want without qualifying for the next ten years. I think I'm over the hump now. You'll be seeing a lot of me."



SÁNCHEZ'S "BULL"

ALBERTO (1960) & SELF-PORTRAIT
A firm foot on the Iberian earth.

"THE ROOT HUNTER"

End of an Exile

In 1937, while the Civil War in Spain ground grimly on, the great names of Spanish art assembled a show at the International Exposition in Paris to demonstrate their solidarity with the beleaguered republic. Picasso was represented by *Guernica*, his agonized portrayal of a small town obliterated by German dive bombers. From Miró came *The Reaper*, a ferocious antiwar mural that has since been lost. Towering above the other works in the Spanish pavilion was a graceful, 41-ft.-high stalk of flowing concrete, by a lanky Castilian sculptor who had been commissioned by the Loyalist government in Madrid to cast his own version of the struggle. He called it: *The Spanish People Have a Path Which Leads to a Star*.

The sculptor's name was Alberto Sánchez. Although little known to the gallery-going public, he was something of a legend to his fellow artists. "We all called him Alberto," Picasso said later. "And almost no one remembered his last name. Alberto by itself was enough, because there was only one Alberto." Pablo Neruda, the Chilean poet, recalls visiting Picasso's studio one day to find the two Spaniards deep in conversation. Suddenly Picasso whirled on his mild-mannered friend. "What's your opinion, Alberto? Who's the greatest sculptor of our time?" Sánchez thought for a moment, then ventured, "Brancusi?" "No," answered Picasso. "You are, Alberto, you."

Missing Link. Sánchez was the particular pride of the Loyalists. The year after the Paris Exposition, the hard-pressed Madrid government allotted some of their meager funds to send him to Moscow to teach drawing to evacuated Spanish children. Although Sánchez was not a Communist, he remained there until his death in 1962, an event that passed unmentioned in the controlled Spanish press. But Franco's Spain has mellowed since then, and

this summer the exile was welcomed home posthumously with a large exhibition of his sculpture, drawings and stage designs at Madrid's Museum of Contemporary Art. Critics hailed the show as a revelation. "The missing link in contemporary Spanish art," wrote one. "A *fiesta mayor*," declared another. "Like *El Cid*, the sculptor has returned to the land where he was born and lived his Spanish years to win new battles after death."

Born in Toledo in 1895, the son of a baker, Sánchez attended primary school for only four months; at the age of seven worked as a swineherd to support his family. Later, as a blacksmith's apprentice, working the great bellows and watching metal being hammered into new shapes, he began to dream of creating forms of his own. After his eyesight had been injured by stray sparks from the forge, he joined his family in Madrid and eventually became a baker. Some of the patterns characteristic of Spanish breads can be observed in his sculpture. "All his life he was kneading and sculpting," says Alberto's nephew Jorge, who grew up in his uncle's apartment in Moscow. "I think there came a time when the two fused in his consciousness, and the heaven he shaped and carved by day passed forever into the texture and design of his nature forms."

Phantom Figures. Introduced to the Madrid art world by Uruguayan Painter Rafael Barradas, Sánchez became the co-founder with Painter Benjamin Palencia of the Vallecas school, which sought to escape from academicism and create a new kind of national art based on themes and images from Spanish tradition and folklore. Even while he lived as an exile in Russia, his sculpture, primarily in wood and sheet iron, remained distinctly Iberian in spirit. "He saw art in everything," his widow Clara recently recalled. "And once he had seen it, ev-

erything became a work of art. It all served his purpose—clay, stones he stumbled across on a path, old wood, a piece of iron."

In his drawings, the desolate Castilian plains of his childhood serve as a stark backdrop for phantom figures hovering on the landscape. His sculpture frequently shows a more whimsical turn, with animals and even inanimate objects eloquently taking on human personalities, as in "Bull" or "The Root Hunter." Stylistically, Sánchez is obviously of the generation of Dalí, Miró and Picasso—but with a small difference. Far more than his contemporaries, he kept a firm foot, however far away he was, on the good Spanish earth.

The Doors of Orvieto

For more than 600 years, the cathedral of Orvieto in Italy has lived with simple wooden doors adorned mainly by the weathering of time. In their austerity, the portals stood in mute contrast to the church's dazzling façade encrusted with brilliant mosaics, its priceless stained glass and marble statuary. Since several other Italian churches have undergone successful modern alterations, local church authorities thought it would be appropriate to install a contemporary set of doors designed to complement the cathedral's sumptuous beauty. In Italy, however, matters aesthetic are not always easy. Last week the cathedral had its new doors, and not only all of Orvieto (pop. 25,000) but seemingly all of Italy was arguing about them.

In 1962, the church had commissioned the portals from Sicilian-born Sculptor Emilio Greco, 56, a friend and admirer of Giacomo Manzù, who designed the impressive bronze Doors of Death for St. Peter's basilica in Rome. For the main entrance, Greco created a 24-ft.-high, two-ton bronze relief depicting Catholicism's seven corporal works of mercy. One scene, for example, showed Pope John XXIII on his visit to Rome's Regina Coeli prison in 1958; Greco's

presentation of burying the dead uses angled limbs and tortured faces to convey a strong sense of grief.

Although the theme was traditional, Greco's realistic style was decidedly modern—too modern for some. For six years the doors remained inside the cathedral while historians, government bureaucrats and art experts argued over them. Last month Italy's Minister of Education signed a decree authorizing the installation of the doors. Art Critic Mario Salmi, vice president of the government's Superior Council of Fine Arts, promptly and publicly denounced Greco's work. "It is like inserting a modern canto into *The Divine Comedy*," he complained, and resigned his post. Another leading antiquarian, Giorgio Bassani, described the doors as "outrageous, awkward, pseudo modern." Among the doors' defenders was Orvieto's bishop, Monsignor Virginio Dondeo, who contended that "each century should make its contribution to the cathedral."

The debate was quickly picked up by Italian newspapers and magazines—and by Orvietans, who had something new to talk about as they sipped espresso in the town's cafés. Perhaps the only one who was totally pleased with the result was Sculptor Greco; once the doors were installed at the cathedral, he was finally able to collect his \$80,000 commission.



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MUSIC

Mellow Harvest

The Band makes music for the autumn. It is surely not complete coincidence that their latest album, *Stage Fright*, is being released as September approaches. For no matter if they sing about "dancin' through the clover" or some "time to kill" in June and July, the sure flavor of fall, harvest time and autumnal melancholy is in all their tunes, permeating the rhythms, punctuating every lyric.

In *Stage Fright*, the group's best record yet, their sound remains an intricate and often complex assimilation of styles, with heavy emphasis on country and good old rock and roll. If anything, the sound is now simpler, more accessible. But deceptively so. It complements a lyric complexity that only emphasizes that The Band gets into territory few popular musicians have ever traveled. Among

ers in four fast minutes the loss of a girl, getting busted, a "rumble in the alley," and concludes, "Save your neck or save your brother/Looks like its one or the other." *Stage Fright*, the title song, is a scary story about a poor "ploughboy" who becomes a musician and nightly relives the waking nightmare of performance, his brow sweating and mouth dry while the audience cries out, "Please don't make him stop . . . Let him start all over again."

Robbie Robertson, the group's lead guitarist, is not only one of the best lyricists in rock, he is far and away the greatest storyteller. In *Daniel and the Sacred Harp*, he spins an almost biblical allegory about a boy named Daniel who covets a sacred harp, arranges to obtain it by means devious and mysterious, and when it finally comes into his possession, finds that he has "won the harp" but "lost in sin." His fate is proved to

Like Miss Brer Foxhole in *The W.S. Walcott Medicine Show*, they are "a true dead ringer for something like you ain't never seen." And like a lady named Bessie in an earlier, simpler tune, The Band just can't be beat.

• Jay Cocks

The Gold of Troy

For years, European travelers have raved about two operas almost never performed in the U.S.: Hector Berlioz's *Les Troyens* (The Trojans) and Ferruccio Busoni's *Doktor Faust*. The latter is staged mainly in Germany, where its intellectual depth and murky symbolism are much admired. The Berlioz has been visible in France, Italy and Britain, usually in truncated form, for it was thought too sprawling for stage presentation in one evening. Only parts of *Les Troyens* have been commercially recorded. Only orchestral bits from *Doktor Faust* had ever been recorded at all.

In Philips' recording (five disks, \$29.90) *Les Troyens* turns out to be better than even its most extravagant admirers have claimed. Nor does it seem all that long; uncut, it runs a bit under four hours, shorter than either *Die Meistersinger* or *Parsifal*, roughly the length of *Tristan and Isolde*. It is Berlioz's greatest work, epic in scale, richness and power.

It is incomprehensible that *Les Troyens* had to wait 112 years to be heard as Berlioz had written it. If it were not for the superlative skill and dogged determination of Conductor Colin Davis it might not have happened at all. For over a century, the French publishing house of Choudens owned the score but refused to release it. At one point, English Musicologists Cecil Gray and W.J. Turner even tried to hire the Parisian underworld to burglarize Choudens. The attempt failed. Fortunately, the Bibliothèque Nationale owned Berlioz's manuscripts. British Musicologist Hugh MacDonald began the immense job of deciphering them and in 1969, the German firm of Bärenreiter was able to publish the full score. The first complete performance in French—with Conductor Davis at Covent Garden in September 1969—made the Philips recording economically feasible by saving expensive rehearsal time.

Cast in the old-fashioned molds of aria, duet, octet, chorus, etc., *Les Troyens* looks a bit archaic on paper. But in performance, the music churns with energy. Berlioz's restraint and sharp musical delineation of character are on a level with Mozart, Gluck and Wagner at their best.

None of the singers have flawless French diction, but otherwise the Philips cast seems nearly perfect. Tenor Jon Vickers' heroic-sounding Aeneas has both muscle and gentleness; Mezzo-Soprano Josephine Veasey sings Dido with a burnished-bronze quality that can range from love to outrage. As Cassandra, Soprano Berit Lindholm is splendidly equipped to trumpet the doom



THE BAND AT HOME: MANUEL, DANKO, ROBERTSON, HUDSON, HELM
"A dead ringer for something like you ain't never seen."

many other things, the album talks about the terrors of performing and violence on the streets, but does it all with such infectious and graceful simplicity that you'll really have to listen, and then listen again, to get it.

Just *Another Whistle Stop*, for example, at first sounds like a good driving rock song. From beside a train, a man—like a carnival pitchman—looks out at a street where a boy is pursued by screaming police sirens and flashing lights and warns, "People, people where do you go/Before you believe in what you know?" The pitchman offers a trip away from all this, and the song becomes a rhythmic invitation to salvation aboard a train en route to glory. *The Shape I'm In* bids to be the album's most popular cut. A jaunty tune, it cov-

him when "he looked to the ground" and "noticed no shadow did he cast." Robbie also turns his hand to a lullaby (*All La Glory*) and to a glorious description of a traveling carnival, *The W.S. Walcott Medicine Show*, which features "saints and sinners, losers and winners, all kinds of people you might wanna know." It embarrasses The Band to have one member singled out over the others. Yet at one time or another it is hard not to pay particular attention to Garth Hudson's organ breaks as well as his fine horn playing. Richard Manuel's smooth piano and plaintive vocals, Levon Helm's drumming and his raucous vocals, Rick Danko's intense bass guitar and Robbie's kinetic lead. Together they form a group that remains unique in a highly imitative field.



"LES TROYENS"; VICKERS as AENEAS
Burglary is no longer necessary.

A Potent Pandemic

Cholera should exist only as a historical footnote. Modern sanitation can eliminate the primary causes of this highly infectious disease—waste-contaminated water supplies—and advanced medical techniques can effectively treat it. Yet cholera continues to kill. Confined for many years to the world's more primitive countries, mostly in the Far East, it has been moving westward with a new force. Last week it was threatening the already troubled Middle East, even causing concern in the technically advanced Soviet Union, and may well have surfaced in Africa.

The cholera pandemic is no sudden development. It started in Indonesia in 1935, was confined there for nearly three decades before jumping to the mainland in 1961. Then it spread rapidly across Southeast Asia and into Taiwan and Korea. By 1964, it was on the increase in Pakistan and India, moving into Afghanistan, Iran and Iraq. A year later it struck the Iranian town of Rasht on the South Shore of the Caspian Sea. From there, it jumped to Astrakhan, a Soviet city of 500,000. Now it has burst out in two more areas: Alexandria and Port Said and—after a visit by the Soviet fleet to the two Egyptian cities—the Soviet Black Sea port of Odessa.

Powerful Parasite. The classic disease is caused by *Vibrio cholera* bacteria, comma-shaped microbes that multiply in the intestine and thrive in contaminated water supplies. The bug responsible for the present pandemic, a strain first identified in 1906 at the Tor quarantine station in Egypt, is prolific and can quickly cause death if not treated promptly. It multiplies rapidly in the gut, producing millions of offspring in a matter of hours. The bacteria trigger a devastating diarrhea that can drain off as much as 15% of the body fluids in eight hours, depleting the body of water and essential salts. This depletion can be deadly. Lack of bicarbonate turns the blood more acid. Vomiting further dehydrates and weakens the victim; the dehydration shuts down the kidneys and allows toxic materials to accumulate in the body.

To treat the disease, physicians replace the body's lost fluids with intravenous infusions of water and salts. Antibiotics, such as tetracycline, may also be used. If administered in time, the treatment is almost 100% effective. But untreated, cholera kills more than half of its victims and spreads with lightning speed. Introduced into a water supply by poor sanitation, it can decimate an entire village in days. In one tiny Nepalese hamlet last week, 63 people came down with the disease; in three East Pakistan communities, 435 died when floods contaminated the water supplies.

Travel Restrictions. Recognizing the virulence of cholera, officials in many countries have moved quickly to stem

its spread. Health authorities from Jordan, Syria and Lebanon met last week in the Lebanese town of Chtaura and agreed on regulations that make cholera vaccinations compulsory for travelers between the three countries. Israeli health officials began demanding that all persons crossing from Jordan into Israel be immunized prior to entry. The Soviets went even farther. Travel to Astrakhan and Odessa was restricted, cutting the cities off from the rest of the country, and all but essential trips to Black Sea vacation areas were curtailed. Soviet citizens were warned to take precautions with their food and water supplies.

Authorities in other countries, however, have declined officially to recognize the existence—or the dangers—of the disease. Iran and Iraq stopped all reports about their cholera epidemics after 1964, when the Soviet Union refused to accept shipments of citrus fruits and other goods from cholera-stricken Iran. Both countries now refer only to outbreaks of misleadingly labeled "summer diarrhea." Egyptian authorities have been equally ostrich-like. Fearful of disrupting their country's ailing tourist industry, they have refused to restrict travel and euphemistically describe as "summer disease" what one World Health Organization official estimates to be 3,000 current cases of cholera.

Such attitudes will hardly help solve what could develop into a serious public health problem. Epidemiologists see little danger that cholera will spread into Western Europe or the U.S., where sanitation is good and ample medical



ANTI-CHOLERA IMMUNIZATION IN LEBANON
Millions of offspring within hours.

■ Robert T. Jones

SHOW BUSINESS

care available. But they are concerned that the disease may spread southward into Africa or westward into South and Central America. Their concern may well be justified. The government of Guinea last week reported that an unidentified intestinal illness has hospitalized 230 people in the country's capital of Conakry. The disease, which sounds suspiciously like cholera, has already killed 27 others.

Total Eclipse for Cyclamates

Soon after the Food and Drug Administration barred the use of the artificial sweetener cyclamate last fall, it modified its proscription. Although the chemical had been found to cause bladder cancer in mice and rats, the FDA decided that a limited amount could still be added to food and drugs for persons suffering from diabetes, hypertension or obesity. Last week, however, the federal agency closed even this narrow loophole. Acting on the recommendations of its medical advisory group on cyclamates, the FDA issued a total ban on the additive, forbidding its use in all foods, soft drinks and drugs—even those prescribed by doctors.

After exhaustive tests on animals, the advisory group determined the maximum allowable human intake of cyclamates to be 168 mg. a day, or about 1/180 of an ounce. But the researchers, in their report to the FDA, noted that the level of use of cyclamates by young diabetics, for example, would be "difficult to control." Even if the intake of the additive were limited to the safe daily amount, they added, there was the danger that it might have a cumulative effect on some consumers. For those on diets, the risk of using cyclamates would thus outweigh the benefits. The allowable amount of cyclamates would permit a dieter to sweeten the equivalent of only one serving of canned fruit or vegetables a day.

The FDA's decision came as a blow to the 46 firms that have applied for permission to use cyclamates in their products under the modified restrictions laid down last year. None of the applications have been approved, and now all will be rejected. But the additive news was not uniformly gloomy. Even before its announcement on cyclamates, the FDA had given a completely clean bill of health to saccharin, a widely used artificial sweetener that came under suspicion last year. The agency also virtually cleared monosodium glutamate (MSG), a popular flavor enhancer that, when used in excessive quantities, causes some people to suffer the tingling and numbness of "Chinese Restaurant Syndrome." Although MSG causes brain damage in mice when injected in large doses, researchers have found no evidence of harmful effects when the chemical is used as a food additive. Taking no chances, the FDA banned the addition of MSG to baby foods, but concluded that the additive poses no dangers to older children and adults.

The Kids at Cannon

Many movie companies are going through a period of drastic cutbacks, both in personnel and production. But over at Cannon things are in a prosperous uproar. The Park Avenue nameplate is bright on the door, the furniture is new and the painters are still at work. The company expects to put six or eight movies into production during next year with a total budget of \$2,000,000. If its record so far is any indication, Cannon may soon fulfill the ambition expressed by its 26-year-old president of being "the new United Artists."

These dreams of glory are made possible largely by the success of a hard-



FRIEDLAND & DEWEY
Success from Spiro's hardhats.

edged, modest movie called *Joe* (TIME, July 27), an attempt to dramatize the bitter frustrations of Spiro Agnew's hardhats. Made on a starvation budget of \$300,000 (even *Easy Rider* cost \$100,000 more), *Joe* has already grossed that much in New York City box-office revenue alone. "We didn't think it was going to do this well," admits Cannon President Christopher Dewey. Considering their youth and collegiate looks, this is probably the first time that Dewey and his partner, Dennis Friedland, 27, ever underestimated a market.

Sexual Wanderings. The pair met at Columbia University, where Friedland attended law school and Dewey studied architecture. They shared an interest not so much in film making as in film commerce, so Lawyer Friedland incorporated them as the Cannon Group. They promoted \$50,000 worth of independent financing to make a scorching

called *Inga*, a titillating travelogue of the sexual wanderings of a Swedish teenager. The movie was a smash in what show business calls "the exploitation trade," grossing \$4,000,000 for the two producers.

By this time the boys had developed a canny skill in marketing and exploitation. Besides continued explorations of Swedish sex life (*Yes! What Next?*), they began to make films in their own country. Amazingly, they have not had a loser yet, if only because the budgets are so slender, emphasizing short shooting schedules and minimum salaries for all. The only way Cannon could lose money on any of its films would be to burn the negative. The prospects for *Joe* and for Cannon are so rosy that MGM recently offered to buy not only the movie but the company as well. MGM was rebuffed on both counts.

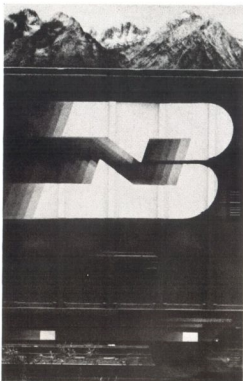
Bergman Bull. Dewey and Friedland are interested in making good movies. But they also talk about "markets" and "products" just as coolly as any grizzled veteran of the Hollywood studios. "The horror market is wide open," Chris Dewey says. "What we'd really like to do is the *Easy Rider* of horror movies." Cannon even adopts the big-studio system of cutting movies, and even re-shooting and adding scenes if the film maker's version doesn't please them.

"I don't know an awful lot about film history," Dewey says, "but it seems to me that ten years ago critics got hold of this business of Ingmar Bergman and directors being the creators of films and blew it up out of all proportion. Well, that's all bull. There are a lot of people involved in making a movie, not just the director, and if we see something we don't like, then we're going to change it."

Riding high on *Joe's* box-office booty, the Cannon Group, which now includes some 20 employees and six titled executives, is looking at masses of scripts. "It's a mammoth job," says Dewey. "We have them read." Already scheduled, for production or for imminent release, are a film by Novelist Howard Fast called *The Hessian*, set during the American Revolution "but with contemporary overtones," an Israeli comedy called *Lupo*, which is intended to "scoop" *Fiddler on the Roof*, and a movie about demolition derbies called *Jump*.

Dewey and Friedland, like their Hollywood forefathers, have also apparently learned that imitation is not only the sincerest form of flattery, but it is also one of the surest signs of success. *Jump*, which is about stock-car racers in Appalachia, is described as "like *The Hustler*," except that the Paul Newman character doesn't have a pool cue—he drives a car. "The budget on that one will be Cannon's limit, \$300,000. With that kind of money, they reason, even if the picture bombs in the big Northern cities, they can still turn a handy profit down South."

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BURLINGTON NORTHERN

Going places in the American West

BUSINESS

The Energy Shortage Worsens

INCREDIBLE as it seems in the resource-rich U.S., this summer's discomfiting electric-power cutbacks are likely to be only a prelude to many more pervasive difficulties. Part of the industrial U.S. is running short of the main sources of energy—coal, fuel oil and natural gas. Some forms of rationing have already been imposed, and more may be necessary if winter brings severe weather, strikes in crucial spots, pipeline breaks or new trouble in the Middle East. Though few, if any residential consumers may be asked to curtail their use of fuel or power, there is a possibility of factory closings.

The pinch is already affecting commerce and industry across wide segments of the East and Midwest. Last week the Tennessee Valley Authority disclosed that its normal 60-day stockpile of coal is down to a ten- to twelve-day supply overall, and to four days' worth at some of its thermal power plants. When the town of Braintree, Mass., sought bids recently for oil to run its generating plant for another year, none were submitted. Though there is plenty of natural gas available in the Southwest, the fuel has become so scarce on the East Coast that the Elizabethtown (N.J.) Gas Co. is turning away all new commercial and industrial customers. East Ohio Gas Co., which serves Cleveland and adjacent industrial centers, has turned down orders from steel, chemical and rubber companies for 27 billion cu. ft. of gas. The company has also warned that a severe cold spell will cause a repetition of last winter's shortage, when local factories had to close temporarily to provide enough gas to heat homes, schools and hospitals.

The Acute Phase. The fossil-fuel shortage, warns Chairman John N. Naskas of the Federal Power Commission, is "the most acute phase of our developing energy crisis." The problem is complicated in some areas by inadequate generating facilities and a lack of pipelines and power grids to carry gas and electricity to industrial centers. "Never before in peacetime have we faced such serious and widespread shortages of energy," says John Emerson, an economist and power expert for Chase Manhattan Bank. Many analysts believe the problems will be temporary, but some maintain that the energy gap may limit economic growth for years to come.

At the very least, the shortages mean that consumers will be forced to pay more for electricity and heat. In its first "inflation alert," the President's Council of Economic Advisers noted that prices of industrial fuel oil rose at an annual rate of 48% during the first half of 1970. Bituminous coal prices climbed at an annual rate of 56%. As

a result, the TVA recently posted a 23% increase in its electric rates.

Incongruously, there is abundant fuel underground. The U.S. has at least 800 billion tons of coal still unmined, enough to last 1,600 years at present consumption rates. Proved reserves of natural gas have dwindled to an eleven-year supply, but the Potential Gas Committee, a study group sponsored by the industry, calculates that the total amount

clear power than has occurred, declined to sign long-term contracts for coal. Facing a diminished prospect for sales, mine operators did not develop their reserves. There is still little evidence that coalmen are scrambling to catch up. Testifying before a Senate subcommittee two weeks ago, TVA Power Manager James E. Watson reported that the companies "frankly say that they won't open a mine unless you guarantee them the

kind of return they would get if they were selling gasoline." Inefficient use of freight cars has caused a snarl. About 10% of all U.S. coal is exported, and shippers often store outbound tonnage in rail cars at the ports. Reason: the demurrage charge of \$5 a day per car (a figure set by the Government) is less than the cost of building storage facilities.

NATURAL GAS: Demand recently has soared because natural gas is the least pollutive of all fossil fuels. But exploration for new gas fields has declined sharply, partly because investors do not consider the rate of return worth the high risk. The industry, with 40,190,000 commercial, industrial and residential customers, blames the Federal Power Commission for holding down the price of natural gas to protect consumers. In regulating the price of gas transported across state lines, the FPC provides producers with a return calculated at 12% a year on their investment. Wall Street analysts estimate the usual return at 8%, well below the normal 12% profit for oil.

FUEL OIL: The U.S. is greatly dependent on Venezuelan imports for its heavy heating oil for industrial and commercial use. Domestic supplies are small partly because proven fields yield oil that contains too much sulfur and partly because U.S. companies have found it more profitable to concentrate on higher-priced oils. Utility companies are switching to low-sulfur heating oil to comply with antipollution laws, thus putting an additional strain on available supplies. The main squeeze, however, comes from a global shortage of oil tankers, which has made it more expensive to ship the oil to the U.S. Producers have been forced to send Middle East crude to Europe around the Cape of Good Hope ever since a bulldozer—by accident or



AERIAL SEARCH FOR PIPELINE LEAKS

Present discomfiture may be only a prelude.

of gas in the U.S., including Alaska, is 1,227 trillion cu. ft., enough to maintain production well into the next century. That, of course, does not take into account the myriad problems of piping the gas to market, from satisfying environmentalist concern to patrolling the pipelines—often by air—for possible leaks. Similarly, although proved oil reserves in the continental U.S. are down to an eight-year supply, oil is still abundant elsewhere.

The shortages are the result of managerial misjudgments, inept government regulation, antipollution pressures and supply difficulties in the Middle East. The main causes:

COAL: The industry began retrenching in the mid-1960s when utility companies, anticipating a much faster shift into nu-

design—severed the Trans-Arabian pipeline last spring. The Syrian government has so far refused to allow repairs.

Critics also accuse the U.S. oil industry of contributing to the energy scarcity by controversial—and perhaps monopolistic—practices. Oil companies in recent years have moved aggressively to acquire producers of competitive fuels. Only two of the ten largest U.S. coal companies remain independently owned; the other eight are owned either by oil firms, other mineral companies or large customers such as U.S. Steel. Two U.S. companies have 6 billion or more tons of coal reserves; one is owned by Humble Oil, the other by Continental Oil. The top 20 producers of natural gas are oil companies. In the Gulf of Mexico off Louisiana, where oil companies own 70% of the offshore leases, 517 producing gas wells have been shut off. Some consumer groups complain that the action is part of a concerted effort to pressure the FPC into raising gas prices.

The FPC, which is holding hearings this month on gas prices, no longer dismisses the argument that low prices have depressed natural-gas output. Two weeks ago, Chairman Nassikas called for "a regulatory framework that recognizes the law of supply and demand." On the other hand, utility commissioners from eight Eastern states have appealed to Interior Secretary Walter Hickel to force oilmen to develop their offshore Louisiana gas wells instead of letting them lie dormant.

Partly because soaring tanker rates have lifted the price of imported Middle East crude oil to as much as \$4.50 per bbl., demand for domestic oil is increasing. Last week the Texas Railroad Commission, which regulates the oil output in the state, raised production ceilings for the second time in ten days, to virtually 100% of capacity.

What Can Be Done? Texas wells produce little industrial oil, however, and there is nothing that Washington could have done to prevent the shortage of heavy heating oil. For the next few months, the energy shortage seems bound to worsen, barring a return of tranquility to the Middle East, repair of the Syrian pipeline break and a consequent freeing of tanker tonnage. Nuclear-power plants have been delayed by costs, safety concerns and opposition from environmental groups, and cannot be expected to fill much of the energy gap before the early 1980s. In the meantime, if the nation wants to ease the great shortage, it will have to make difficult choices.

Raising the output of electric power from coal, oil and gas will involve either more pollution or substantially higher costs—and perhaps both. To obtain more natural gas, the Government will probably allow producers a higher rate of return. If the construction of power plants and transmission lines is to be hastened, a multitude of local governments will have to sacrifice some of their au-

thority. Oil in quantity from the rich Alaskan finds will not reach the market for years, even if the Government allows a prompt start on construction of the trans-Alaskan pipeline, which conservationists oppose. Some oilmen believe that a vast untapped pool of oil lies beneath the Atlantic shelf, but offshore drilling has lately been curtailed by concern over oil spills.

Above all, there is a plain need for a coherent national energy policy, balancing the interests of producers and consumers, ecologists and economic expansionists. In resolving those conflicts, the nation may also have to decide whether its energy resources ought to be dominated by a handful of companies.

the growers of corn raised for animal feed.

The rapid spread of the blight caught the Government by surprise, partly because federal crop checkers found it hard to detect: healthy-looking stalks and leaves often concealed young ears that were rotting. As late as Aug. 4, federal crop forecasters were predicting a 1970 crop of 4.7 billion bushels, up 3% from last year. Last week Agriculture Department experts unofficially lowered that estimate by 10%, but plant pathologists elsewhere fear that the crop loss may run higher. Preliminary field reports indicated that 30% to 40% losses are likely in the Southeast, and that the yield in Illinois, the

ROBERT C. JONES



FARMER PFLUG WITH DISEASED CROP
Unexpected calamity from the South.

AGRICULTURE

Blighted Corn

Midwestern farmers ordinarily welcome summer rains because they hasten the ripening of lucrative crops. This season's rainfall has been unusually heavy, accompanied by high humidity and winds from the hurricane-laden skies of the South. Last week farmers discovered to their dismay that the combination threatened calamity to the cornbelt states of Illinois, Indiana and Iowa, endangering the nation's biggest cash crop.

Corn in the three states, which produce more than half of the nation's supply, is being attacked by a virulent fungus disease. It eats through the tender leaves of young plants, causes weakened stalks to collapse and, at worst, turns ears of corn into blackened rot. Called Southern-corn leaf blight, the fungus has long been confined to the South because its wind-borne spores do not survive the dryness of northern summers. Last year a new and more deadly mutant strain of the leaf blight appeared, and this year it spread north from Florida and Georgia. Farmers use chemical sprays to protect sweet table corn from the fungus, but spraying weekly and after every rain is too costly for

No. 1 corn-growing state, may be down as much as 25%. Normally, corn accounts for a quarter of Illinois farmers' cash income.

As the week began, alarming early estimates that half the U.S. corn crop might be wiped out fired a frantic trading rush on the Chicago Board of Trade, the nation's largest commodity market. A 122-year-old record fell when 193 million bushels of corn changed hands in one day. Corn futures jumped their 8-per-bushel daily limit, and so did the price of wheat, oats and soybeans. Though the trading frenzy subsided along with prices at week's end, the blight lifted the price of May corn futures by 24¢ per bushel last week, to \$1.63. Wholesalers marked up the price of starch by 12¢ and corn syrup by 8¢.

The swift price rise lined the pockets of many speculators; one corn-pit operative made \$500,000 in paper profits. Many farmers face severe financial reverses. Sadly surveying the infestation of the 600 acres of corn that he and his son are raising in Indiana's Gibson County, Melvin Pflug, 52, estimates that only half of it will be worth harvesting. "We'll be lucky if we have enough corn to pay our fertilizer bill," he said.

The biggest impact of the corn

blight lies in the future. Country banks, equipment dealers, and others who have made loans to corn farmers, may be unable to collect. Businessmen in small towns will suffer. The retail price of starch and corn syrup—products derived from the 15% of the corn crop not used for feed—will rise almost immediately; corn oil probably will not because it competes directly with cotton and soybean oil. The five-month supply of corn held by the Commodity Credit Corp. should also help limit price rises.

The blight will affect the retail price of corn-fed animals. Housewives are likely to find chicken prices rising in about five or six months. The record numbers of pigs already fattened may actually depress pork prices this winter and next spring, but agronomists predict that higher feed costs could drive up the price of bacon and other cuts of pork by next fall. Beef prices could also rise next fall.

Major seed producers say that there will be sufficient resistant seed supplies for next year's crop. For this year, all that farmers can do is pray for a spell of cool drought in the corn belt. If the weather changes, says Dr. George W. Irving, head of the Agricultural Research Service, "the impact of the disease on the total crop could be slight." The next two weeks will be the crucial time.

LABOR

Bearding Uncle Sam

Of all the roles that the Federal Government plays, perhaps the least familiar outside of Washington is that of boss. The Government is by far the nation's biggest employer. Its payrolls cover 2,600,000 people (not counting the military services) who perform almost every conceivable variety of job. The range runs through the alphabet from architect to zoologist and includes beauticians, cotton classifiers, archaeologists and even funeral directors. In years past, the Government had a reputation as a model employer, but, says A.F.L.-C.I.O. President George Meany, "those days are long past." To many of his workers, Uncle Sam appears as a stingy, incurably bureaucratic, high-handed and neglectful boss.

Last winter's mail strike and this spring's air-traffic-controller "sick-out" dramatized the deep and spreading discontent among federal employees. Now unionized federal workers are openly talking about more strikes, despite the federal law that makes such action a crime punishable by a fine of \$5,000 or a year in jail. Delegates to a Denver convention of the American Federation of Government Employees, the largest federal union, two weeks ago shouted unanimous approval of an amendment that erased a no-strike clause from the union constitution. Partly because he opposed that move, Union President John Griner, 64, faced serious opposition to his re-election



PROCESSING TAX RETURNS

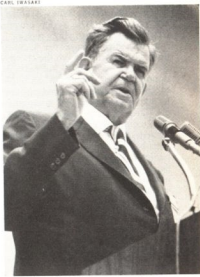
for the first time during his eight years in the post. Says Griner: "The Government is bringing on itself a situation where employees, particularly in the lower pay classifications, are going to withhold their services no matter what I do."

Pent-Up Emotions. The grievances draw considerable sympathy from the Nixon Administration's top union specialist, Assistant Labor Secretary Willie J. Usery Jr., who spoke at the convention. "Federal employees are falling behind in wages," said Usery before his talk. "There's a lot of pent-up emotion. I hadn't realized how bad it was. We must move with haste or we will have more strikes and work stoppages."

The A.F.G.E., which has tripled its membership to 310,000 since 1962 to become one of the fastest-growing affiliates of the A.F.L.-C.I.O., seeks a \$6,000-a-year minimum for federal civil servants, compared with \$4,125 today. The union is also pressing for the right to bargain for wages, which are now fixed by Congress. Federal workers won the power to negotiate about working conditions, grievance procedures and promotion policies under a 1962 executive order by President Kennedy.

Part of the new militancy among Government employees is unquestionably a response to the success of the postal workers' illegal strike; part reflects the increasing sense of anxiety among blue-collar workers everywhere. The mood is also a reaction to the mixed benefits and frustrations of the civil service system itself. Working for the Government ordinarily offers great job security, but this attraction has been somewhat dimmed by large cutbacks in employment in the Defense Department and NASA. Government employees can eat 75¢ lunches in federal cafeterias, take yearly 26-day vacations after 15 years and—the biggest lure of all—retire on full pensions as early

CARL SWANSON



UNION CHIEF GRINER

From model employer to stingy, highhanded

as age 55, if they have put in 30 years.

For these benefits, the federal worker puts up with inflexible work rules that hamper his initiative and a rigid salary system that limits his ambition. The 15-grade scale, which covers the overwhelming bulk of white-collar civil servants, runs from GS-1 for messengers, who start at \$4,125, to GS-15 for program managers, who begin at \$22,885. A medical aide (GS-2) makes \$4,125 to start, and a typist (GS-3) \$5,212. There are virtually no merit increases, and the periodic raises within each category are small. It would take 18 years for a worker who starts as a GS-6 administrative assistant to lift his salary from \$7,294 to \$9,481 if he does not move up to a higher job grade.

The Government's official policy is to pay wages comparable to those in private industry; every year a survey establishes how far federal salaries lag and Congress legislates to narrow the gap—the following year. Thus the average federal worker's pay trails at least twelve months behind salaries in non-Government jobs.

Ready for Welfare. Inflation has further blunted the advances of lower- and middle-grade employees. In some parts of the country where living costs and pay scales are high, workers at the \$7,202-a-year GS-5 level have earned 20% less than their counterparts in private enterprise. "The money I make is so low that I can apply for welfare," says Marvel Paine, a GS-4 hospital clerk with the Veterans Administration in Tacoma. Many federal workers moonlight; many Washington, D.C., taxi drivers working nights and weekends are Government employees.

Including a recently approved 6% across-the-board raise, the pay of the typical white-collar civil servant has been increased by about 55% in the past decade. To halt what had been an exodus



FORESTER CROSSING RIVER

and neglectful boss.

of managers and key technicians from Government, salaries for the so-called supergrades, GS-16 to GS-18, have been raised as much as 80%. A GS-18 employee, typically a division chief in a department, earned \$18,500 in 1960; today the pay is \$35,505. Many private employers consider the top rates to be outrageously high. They complain that they cannot afford to match the federal levels for lawyers, economists and even public relations men.

Morale varies widely among departments and agencies and often changes with changing circumstances. NASA's glamour quickly faded when the current economy cuts began. The Bureau of the Budget has excellent *esprit*, mostly because it has many jobs in the higher pay grades and advancement comes quickly. The status of chiefs can be important. At the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, which attracts a high proportion of idealists, *élan* plummeted when it became obvious that the Administration was cool to the goals of many department officials.

Preference for Officers. The least attractive Government jobs are in the Social Security Administration, the Veterans Administration and the General Services Administration, which mostly offer jobs in the lower classifications. At the Department of Defense, which employs 43% of all federal workers, civil servants complain that the Air Force hires so many retired officers for top civilian jobs that it cuts off career employees' hopes for advancement.

Given the conditions, it is not surprising that Government work attracts more timeservers than ambitious go-getters. Yet the need for imaginative and energetic federal employees has never been greater. Though Congress remains reluctant to release its grip on civil servants, the present arrangements are likely to increase further the Government's difficulties as an employer.

AIRLINES

Paying for Jumbo

A few days ago, four airline chiefs slipped into the White House for an unpublishable hour-long chat with Richard Nixon. Exactly what the quartet—George Keck, president of United, Charles Tillinghast, chairman of TWA, Floyd Hall, president of Eastern and George Spater, chairman and president of American—told the President is supposed to be secret. Anyone who can read a profit-and-loss statement, however, will have little trouble guessing what the meeting was about. The airline chiefs complained to Nixon that their industry is in its worst financial mess since the introduction of passenger jets in the late 1950s, and will need fare increases and possibly some cuts in flight schedules to begin pulling out.

Total airline profits dropped from \$412 million in 1967 to \$55 million last year. This year the industry is likely to chalk up an aggregate net loss. Six of the twelve major carriers already have reported deficits totaling \$92 million for the first half of 1970. The biggest losers: TWA, with \$44.5 million, and United, with \$20.7 million. The airlines have obligated themselves to pay a cool \$10 billion to convert to the jumbo 747 and other wide-bodied jets, the DC-10 and L-1011—\$6.6 billion for the planes themselves, the rest for additional equipment and ground facilities. The industry has also saddled itself with costly new routes, and the giant jets are at least temporarily running up expenses faster than they are generating revenues to pay the bills.

Passenger traffic is rising, but as new routes and jumbo jets add capacity, the critically important "load factor"—percentage of seats occupied—is dropping. The jumbos themselves are well filled

and efficient, but they are drawing passengers from the smaller jets. In the first seven months of this year, TWA filled only 47.2% of its seats, down from 50.3% a year earlier; American's load factor in early 1970 was 49.6% v. 50.1% in 1969. Airline costs of all varieties are climbing at an accelerating pace. TWA's costs for rental and construction of ground facilities have gone up 15% in the past two years. The advent of the jumbo jets has added another twist to the spiral. Landing fees for a 707 jet last year were \$330 in Paris and \$738 in London; now it costs \$808 to bring a 747 down in Paris and \$1,675 in London. Pilots who fly 707s for Pan Am—which lost \$19.6 million in 1970's first half—make \$46,000 a year, but pilots of the 747s draw \$59,000.

The Civil Aeronautics Board last year granted the airlines \$300 million yearly in fare increases, but that will barely meet the interest on the debt that the carriers have incurred to buy and service the new jets. Now the major carriers are asking for further fare increases of 4% to 10% on domestic flights. In addition, the airlines may well seek to drop some competing flights that take off at the same times, over the same routes, with mostly empty seats. Pan Am already has cut its West Coast-to-Honolulu flights from 80 a week to 40, and fired 378 men from its flight crews, since the CAB authorized six competing carriers to fly the same route. Last week Pan Am announced that on Sept. 16 it will drop the New York-to-Los Angeles portion of its New York-Honolulu and Sydney run.

In No Mood to Wait. Official Washington is suddenly becoming concerned about the airlines' plight. Though airline executives can decide what kind of planes to buy, how often to fly them and whether to serve steak or salmon aloft, regulatory agencies and Congress, to

DAVID BURNETT



EMPTY SEATS ON NEW YORK-CHICAGO FLIGHT
New twist in a rising spiral.

which the regulators are responsible, have authority over safety rules, routes and fares. Last week Washington's Warren Magnuson, chairman of the Senate aviation subcommittee, announced that he will open hearings next month on "the deteriorating situation in the air-transport industry." Congress and the regulatory agencies, he said, have a "responsibility to take remedial action." Airline executives do not intend to wait. Within a fortnight, they plan to announce a major cut in transcontinental schedules.

THE ECONOMY

The Naming Game

What can one call a business downturn that exhibits some but by no means all of the symptoms of a recession? Economists have long groped for an appropriate label—with painful semantic results. Paul McCracken, President Nixon's chief economic adviser, has suggested "recedence," and Former Federal Reserve Chairman William McChesney Martin once spoke of an economic "slope." Now the Manhattan-based National Bureau of Economic Research, the organization that decides which business movements merit the term recession, is joining the naming game. Ruminating about the present "episode," Vice President F. Thomas Juster says: "We are thinking of labeling it a 'retardation.'"

INSURANCE

Politics at Fault

It might seem impossible for anyone to devise an auto-insurance plan more fouled up than the one now actually in effect in the U.S. Under the present system, drivers pay high premiums, insurers incur heavy losses, and the nation's accident victims recover only about a fifth of the \$5.1 billion a year in medical expenses, loss of income and other tangible damage that they suffer. Massachusetts politicians, however, have almost succeeded in producing something even worse. They have taken a highly promising plan for reform and turned it into a hash that, unless quickly amended, could prevent many Bay State drivers from being able to buy insurance at any price.

The original plan, carefully drawn by Governor Francis W. Sargent in consultation with insurance-industry leaders, would have provided the first clear-cut test in any state of the "no-fault" principle of auto insurance. At present, a person injured in an auto crash must prove that the accident was someone else's fault before he can collect any insurance award. Many accident victims—35% in Massachusetts—are unable to prove fault and never get a penny; others overload the courts and the insurers' investigative machinery with claims that take up to four years to settle.

Sargent proposed instead that an auto driver, his passengers and any pedestrians struck by the car be entitled to collect up to \$2,000 for accident injuries

from the driver's insurance company without attempting to prove who was at fault. The bill also ordered a 15% cut in premiums on bodily injury insurance. The companies figured that they could afford the lower rates because of prospective slashes in their investigative, administrative and legal expenses. Massachusetts drivers could use the reduction; they pay the highest average premiums in the country. The minimum liability insurance required by law in Massachusetts costs \$128.37 v. a national average of \$89.

The Democratic-controlled legislature passed the bill, but not before attaching amendments that threaten to wreck the Republican Governor's plan. One amendment extends the compulsory 15% rate cut to all sectors of auto insurance, including collision, fire and theft, without any change in the cov-

representing accident victims, who must prove fault. Some legislators probably also hoped to embarrass Sargent in his re-election campaign. Sargent signed the bill to avoid handing the Democrats an issue.

Last week the Governor also sent to the legislature an emergency bill to repeal the compulsory-renewal provision. If it passes and insurers can overturn the 15% across-the-board rate cut in the courts, the no-fault plan has a chance to work. The legislature's insurance committee did agree last week to let insurers refuse to renew policies for some bad drivers, but insurers regard the change as inadequate. If the deadlock persists, Armstrong fears, there will be "a domino effect." Some auto insurers will pull out of the state; other companies, unhappy at the prospect of taking on money-losing business, will ei-

ARTHUR OBER—MASSACHUSETTS DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC SAFETY



MULTIPLE-CAR CRASH IN MASSACHUSETTS
Fears of economic suicide.

erage to justify the reduction. Another forces insurers, with few exceptions, to guarantee lifetime renewal of liability policies. Says Sargent's legislative assistant, Christopher Armstrong: "I can be convicted of manslaughter, be caught speeding ten times in one year, get in seven serious accidents resulting in claims of \$125,000, and the company still has to renew my policy." Insurers protest that writing policies under those conditions would be economic suicide. Five large companies, including Travelers Corp., the largest writer of auto policies in Massachusetts, and Aetna Casualty, the third largest, insist that they will pull out of the auto-insurance business in the state completely if these provisions remain in the law.

Falling Dominoes. Lobbyists for the influential American Trial Lawyers Association pushed the amendments that make no-fault insurance unworkable. If the plan fails, the lawyers will keep collecting the fees they now get for rep-

ther resist writing new policies on unwanted high-risk cases—or else quit the state. Eventually, many drivers with less-than-perfect records will be unable to purchase insurance from anyone.

Even that debacle would not necessarily stop the spread of the no-fault idea, which is the most promising plan around for the overdue reform of the auto-insurance system. The Manhattan-based American Insurance Association expects bills embodying the no-fault principle to be introduced in 16 state legislatures next year. Michigan Senator Philip Hart, a champion of nationwide no-fault insurance, is preparing a package of bills for auto-insurance reform. However, the experience of Massachusetts as the first state to enact a no-fault plan will figure heavily in debates on the idea elsewhere. Auto drivers throughout the U.S. may be the losers if lawyers' self-interest and the desire of legislators to play political games prevent the first test from being a fair one.



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CINEMA

Hate Story

There is nothing like a fierce, searing exposé of a corrupted ideal. And that is precisely what Scenarist Erich Segal has written—nothing like it. Instead, he offers *The Games*, a limping fiction about that quadrangular glory trip, the Olympics. Segal, a fast man around the popular fiction track, is better known as author of the four-handkerchief best-seller, *Love Story*. In *Games*, audiences need only bring Kleenex. This time around, Segal has adapted Hugh Atkinson's novel of hate and added a naive undertone of "There-I-said-it-and-I'm-glad."

Several runners are followed from the moment they decide to compete in the marathon. Among them: an American (Ryan O'Neal) who concludes that Methedrine (also known as Speed) is the breakfast of champions; a retired Czech (Charles Aznavour) whose government compels him to give the West his back, just one more time; an aboriginal Australian (Athol Compton), goaded by two promoters; a Briton (Michael Crawford), protégé of a former champion (Stanley Baker) who cannot forget the onliness of the long-distance runner. Among the coach's Segalese utterances: "We'll run through pain to the top of the world."

Real Faces. If the ear is thus assaulted, the eye does not fare much better. Director Michael Winner cannot be bothered with a sense of pace or place. The film proceeds by halts and staggers. Rome pants under 90° heat, but the audience is jacketed and as comfortably dry as the folks in a Right Guard commercial.

The movie does have one striking attribute: actors with real faces. Jeremy Kemp as a Down-Underhanded tout displays all seven sins between his forehead and his chin. Stanley Baker looks like a fist with sideburns. Michael Crawford is Buster Keaton redivivus.

But all the character in the world cannot make *The Games* worth playing. For truly disenchanted sportswriting, stay home and read Jim Bouton's *Ball Four*. It has genuine experience and authentic people in it.

■ Stefan Kanfer

Marriage-Go-Round

There are plenty of good things to go around in *Lovers and Other Strangers*, and most of those things are actors. The movie, which is slight but highly amusing stuff about the vagaries and hypocrisies of (yes, again) modern marriage, provides a first-rate showcase for some of the year's best ensemble acting. The cast, with a couple of obvious exceptions, is made up of actors whose concern with performance rather than appearance ought to send many of their colleagues scurrying back to acting class.

The plot is a somewhat chaotic con-

trivance, involving two kids (Michael Brandon and Bonnie Bedelia) who have lived together for a year and finally decide to get married. Her family provides them a stylish wedding but sets a terrible example. Father (Gig Young) is carrying on with mother's best friend (Anne Jackson). Brother (Joseph Hindy) and sister-in-law (Diane Keaton) are determined to divorce. The groom's father (Richard Castellano) explains he has never really been happy with his wife (Beatrice Arthur), while a bridesmaid (Marian Hailey) fights off the advances of a lecherous usher (Bob Dishy), and the bride's sister (Anne Meara) argues the virtues of feminine equality with her male-chauvinist husband (Harry Guardino).

Every one of the lovers and strangers is good, and there are a handful who are truly exceptional. Gig Young, who looks as if aged in alcohol, plays the suburban husband with just the right touch of craven satyrism. Anne Jackson portrays his paramour with fine shades of comic realism, and Bob Dishy lunges about hilariously in pursuit of the superbly addled Marian Hailey. Harry Guardino plays his character with broad sympathy and a fine eye for detail, right down to his onyx pinkie ring.

Director Cy Howard, a former gagwriter, keeps things lively by providing his performers with shrewd bits of comic business. In one memorable interlude, Dishy, having finally conquered Miss Hailey, lies spent and sleepy on the bed. Miss Hailey wants to know if the interlude was really something more than merely physical. In his desperation to be rid of her, Dishy moves so far away from her that his head rests on the night table. If it lacks real depth, *Lovers and Other Strangers* also lacks pretension. It aims only to be thoroughly diverting, not definitive. And that's all right too.

■ Jay Cocks

Mayhem in Marseille

Borsalino is a silly Gallic gangster flick that means no harm. It's good enough fun, in a kind of punch-drunk way, with all its elaborate costumes, its opulent sets, its duke-outs, shootups and gang wars. But in their campy zeal to duplicate the hard-boiled crime genre of the '30s and '40s, the film makers lapse frequently into a kind of hysterical, hell-for-leather hyperbole that gives the movie an air of burlesque gone overboard.

The plot could have been lifted from a 1933 story conference at Warner Brothers. Siffredi (Alain Delon) is

a petty crook, all bile and brilliance, who goes looking for his girl friend Lola (Catherine Rouvel) after his latest prison term has expired. Stalking the streets of Marseille, he finally finds her happily biding her time with a nattily tailored sharpie named Capella (Jean-Paul Belmondo). Siffredi immediately initiates repossession proceedings. Capella only grins. Siffredi glowers. Capella still grins. Then, of course, they fight. After knocking each other around for a while, over pool tables, into mirrors, across bars, that sort of thing, they reach a stalemate, become friends, share a plate of bouillabaisse and form a partnership. Lola takes a back seat to business.

The boys start off small, rigging prize-fights and fixing horse races. Gradually they work their way up through the protection racket until they control



BAD GUYS IN "BORSALINO"
Bile, brilliantine and bullets.

the Marseille fish market, the Marseille meat market, most of the town's gambling and some of the town council. But Capella and Siffredi learn that their hard-earned infamy has made them obvious targets for a new generation of ambitious crooks—and for each other.

Like its two heroes, *Borsalino* sets itself up for the kill. It is not clever enough to be a successful parody and not tough enough to be a good genre piece. Delon moves through the picture like a still-warm stiff en route to a comfortable slab in the morgue, but Belmondo, mugging furiously and retaining just the right air of detachment, compensates by providing enough energy for this and at least three other movies. The music is loud and engaging and so are the costumes, which look like something from an old *Esquire* layout. Men's clothes, indeed, dominate *Borsalino* to such a degree that the actors become mannequins in a particularly elaborate but decidedly ephemeral fashion show.

■ J.C.

BOOKS

A Poet Revealed

ROBERT FROST: THE YEARS OF TRIUMPH, 1915-1938 by Lawrence Thompson. 743 pages. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. \$15.

It is easy to confuse beauty with goodness, but there is no law that says sound character is a requirement of great poetry. Nature has often endowed her poets in disturbing and mystifying ways. Take Robert Frost, for example—known to a vast public as the lovable old curmudgeon with the little horse and the harness bells. As this mercilessly

farmer and teacher as publishers kept rejecting what proved to be much of his best work.

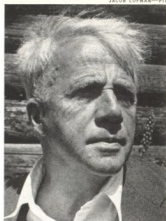
It is part of cultural lore that he had to go to England for recognition. On his return in 1915, fame and prosperity came quickly. But neither sweetened his nature nor assuaged his fears. He campaigned skillfully and obsequiously among editors and critics whom he had loathed for years and would never forgive for early slights. He perfected his speaking style and was soon in nationwide demand as a lecturer. His first Pulitzer prize in 1924 finished the consolidation of his success.

Professional Jealousy. Somewhere along the way, Frost's fury at rejections fanned out into a general, capricious malice and crass opportunism. Much of the book is devoted to an appalling accumulation of trivial plotting and backbiting. It was a shrewd Yankee who first told Frost that good fences make good neighbors, because contracts in particular meant little to him. A publisher once got the poet's approval before signing up an early biographer. Frost gave it, but finding another writer even more idolatrous, he awarded him the exclusive rights—leaving the publisher with two authors for one book. He was probably most heartless to an admiring young poet, Raymond Holden. In 1919, he offered Holden half his Franconia, N.H., property, with the proviso that Holden must buy the rest if Frost should ever move. Unknown to Holden, Frost was already planning to live in Vermont. "I had not only contributed to his desire to leave, but had also given him the means of doing it," Holden sadly concluded.

Frost was plagued by professional jealousy. He resented every other poet from Eliot to Sandburg and suffered torments at Edwin Arlington Robinson's success. Even timid Marianne Moore seemed a threat. She "had been turning you against me," he wrote their common publisher.

In a way it was fortunate that Frost was so sedulous on his own behalf because he supported a large and disaster-prone family. They all tended toward respiratory ailments; gripe and influenza appear as often in these pages as Frost's verse. At one point, both his daughter Marjorie who later had a mental breakdown and his daughter-in-law had severe cases of tuberculosis. They were a family Eugene O'Neill would have loved: angry, resentful, linked together like an emotional chain gang by mutual dependence.

The most enigmatic figure is Frost's wife Elinor. "She has been the unspoken half of everything I ever wrote," he once said. Unspoken indeed. Mrs. Frost's accustomed weapon against her husband was long, uncanny silences. In 1917, at 43, the father of four threatened to go off to World War I, and even took rifle practice on the Amherst



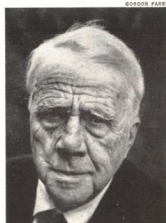
FROST AT 68 (1942)

... cast-iron whimsy ...

village green in an attempt to provoke his wife. Mrs. Frost said nothing. She was fiercely devoted to the children, especially their despair-ridden son Carol, who was to commit suicide. Her hostility to Frost is captured in *Home Burial*: "She, in her place, refused him any help/ With the least stiffening of her neck and silence."

Elinor Frost's final silence was the most appalling. As she lay dying, the poet desperately sought her blessing or some reassurance about his treatment of her. Though she had been at his side for 43 years, she refused to admit him into her room.

There is ironic justice in the fact that a man so solicitous of his public image should have fastened on Princeton Professor Lawrence Thompson as his official biographer. Appointed in 1939, Thompson is as alternately obsequious and critical of his subject as Frost was toward editors and critics. He goes to embarrassing lengths to defend the poet against petty charges, but dwells gruesomely on Frost's faults, awarding equal space to serious transgressions and silly peccadilloes. The practice tends to obscure the importance



FROST AT 85 (1959)

... and capricious malice.



FROST WITH WIFE IN 1912

After long, uncanny silences ...

detailed biography shows, Frost was jealous and vindictive, a malicious gossip and a petty schemer. The man who told the world he had promises to keep broke them frequently for gain or spite.

The Years of Triumph is not a first crack in Frost's lovingly fashioned public image. Before the poet's death, Randall Jarrell, writing with brilliance and flawless taste about Frost's best work, also took time to lament his "complacent wisdom and cast-iron whimsy" and poke fun at his platform personality—"the Only Genuine Robert Frost in Captivity." The first volume of Thompson's biography dealt with the powerful rages and resentments displayed by Frost early in life. Such faults seemed less shocking in a turbulent childhood, and more justified during the 20 years in which Frost struggled to support himself as a

of Frost's work. "Provide, Provide," one of the best short poems, is printed—but with the sole comment that it was occasioned by the poet's disapproval of a charwomen's strike at Harvard.

A pity, because even more than most men, Frost needs a biographer of deep understanding. It is easy to condemn him, at times impossible not to. But at his best—and he wrote ten or 15 of the best poems of the century—he wrote from a sure and deep humanity. That is why there is no rhetoric in Frost, no passionate effusions or rampages. His knowledge of evil was subtle and real. So was his natural grasp of people and their sorrows. Calling this record of human fragility and failure *Years of Triumph* is either a heavyhanded attempt at irony or reflects the kind of complacency that Frost at his worst could achieve. Thompson is reasonably fair to Frost the man, but more compassion would have yielded a larger, more reflective picture of the poet.

■ Martha Duffy

Mr. Spleen

THE GREEN MAN by Kingsley Amis. 252 pages. Harcourt, Brace & World. \$5.95.

After a decade writing what he calls "the more or less straight novel," Kingsley Amis migrated a few years ago toward science fiction (*The Anti-Death League*) and the James Bond spy thriller (*Colonel Sun*), written under the pseudonym of Robert Markham. Now, in *The Green Man*, he has drifted into the ghost story. What is Amis up to?

Partly he is seeking a form where it is still necessary to practice the old, unfashionable rites of careful plotting, factual scene setting and crisp narrative. *The Green Man*, though, is like an Amis novel with ghosts. Its tensions are dissipated at crucial moments by cold dashes of caustic humor. Its focus is blurred by a few too many themes and incidents. But it remains pretty high-grade Amis.

The protagonist is a late-model Amis anti-hero, middle-age division, of the type first launched in *One Fat Englishman*. Irascible and hypochondriacal, Maurice Allington runs *The Green Man* pub outside London, drinks a quart of Scotch a day and spends a lot of his time scheming to get his wife and his best friend's wife into bed with him at the same time. Maurice is a little short on charm, but any man with some of his phobias—sour white wines, sweet feminine conversations, more-secular-than-thou swinging clerics—can't be all bad. His pub, like many in England, has a legendary ghost, a 17th century scholar and necromancer who conjured a leafy monster to life in the backyard for purposes of terror and mayhem. Naturally, both ghost and monster turn out to be more than a legend.

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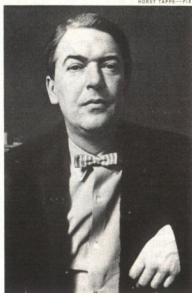
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KINGSLEY AMIS

A Tory amid the trendy.

"not very trustworthy face." Thoroughly shaken, Maurice reels on to an equivocal denouement. His dream of a sexual threesome is achieved with disastrous domestic consequences. He eventually exorcises the ghost but is left haunted by what he sees when he looks in the mirror. "Death was my only means of getting away for good," he reflects, "from the constant awareness of this body, from this person, with his ruthlessness and sentimentality and ineffective, insincere, impracticable notions of behaving better."

Crikey! God, Death, Self-Loathing—it is testimony to Amis' sophistication that he can encompass all these without ceasing to be funny. Mortality in all its implications, in fact, seems to have grown into his prime comic theme. It is a rich one, and a book like *The Green Man*, while not wholly satisfying in itself, suggests that Amis is going to be able to do remarkable things with it. One English critic has even maintained that Amis is turning into a satirist whose target is the biggest establishment of them all: creation as a whole. Amis is a foe of such cosmic statements. But he admits that he aspires to a form of "seriocomic," a combination of "dark stuff with high spirits."

Whatever this leads to, it undoubtedly will make people mad. Nearly everything about Amis does. One sizable body of readers has never forgiven him for not devoting his career to rewriting other versions of *Lucky Jim*, an understandable complaint considering the skill and savage glee with which that book skewered bores, snobs and all the petty conspiracies of circumstance that can stand in the way of a fellow simply getting on with a job, a girl, a few drinks.

An even more sizable group of critics has never forgiven Amis for not actually being Lucky Jim, or at least for

not staying in the cheerful anti-Establishment camp. At 48, though, Amis' days as a Jim Dixonish university lecturer in the provinces, fighting a roaming guerrilla action against the Tory way of life, are far behind. Well off, he lives in a Georgian mansion on the outskirts of London. As with several of the once radical talents who emerged with him in the '50s—John Osborne and John Braine particularly—his public pronouncements now have a distinctly crusty edge. This is Amis as Mr. Spleen, railing against the pervasive influence of "lefties." He takes a hard line on Communism and is a hawkish backer of the U.S. in Viet Nam. He bemoans the decline of intellectual elitism in English education, attacking the expansion of university enrollments with the slogan "More will mean worse."

Cultural Pretension. Amis compounds his provocations by being a high-brow-baiter. This is Amis as the thinking man's Philistine, going to perverse lengths to deflate cultural pretension. He admires science fiction, horror movies and jazz (but not modern jazz). He will take the position that Jane Austen had a defective moral sense and Keats an awkward poetic technique. He has written that Detective-Novelist John D. MacDonald "is by any standards a better writer than Saul Bellow."

Slightly mislabeled as angry in his more buoyant youth, he is widely acknowledged of complacency now that he is truly irate in middle age. "I am denounced as a traitor to the left," he says. "Actually, I've stood still. If Lucky Jim were alive today, he'd be concentrating on putting down student demonstrators. He always attacked the trendy and the orthodox. In his day, those things were on the right; now they're on the left."

■ Christopher Porterfield

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. Love Story, Segal (1 last week)
2. The Crystal Cave, Stewart (2)
3. Great Lion of God, Caldwell (4)
4. The Secret Woman, Holt (5)
5. The French Lieutenant's Woman, Fowles (3)
6. Bech, A Book, Updike (6)
7. Deliverance, Dickey (8)
8. Calico Palace, Bristow (7)
9. The Lord Won't Mind, Merrick (10)
10. Losing Battles, Welty (9)

NONFICTION

1. Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex, Reuben (1)
2. The Sensuous Woman, "J" (2)
3. Bull Four, Bouton (3)
4. Zelda, Milford (4)
5. Up the Organization, Townsend (5)
6. Body Language, Feist
7. Human Sexual Inadequacy, Masters and Johnson (6)
8. The Wall Street Jungle, Ney (7)
9. Mary Queen of Scots, Fraser (9)
10. From Those Wonderful Folks Who Gave You Pearl Harbor, Della Femina (8)

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